

The Silent Worker *Copy 2*

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR ALL THE DEAF

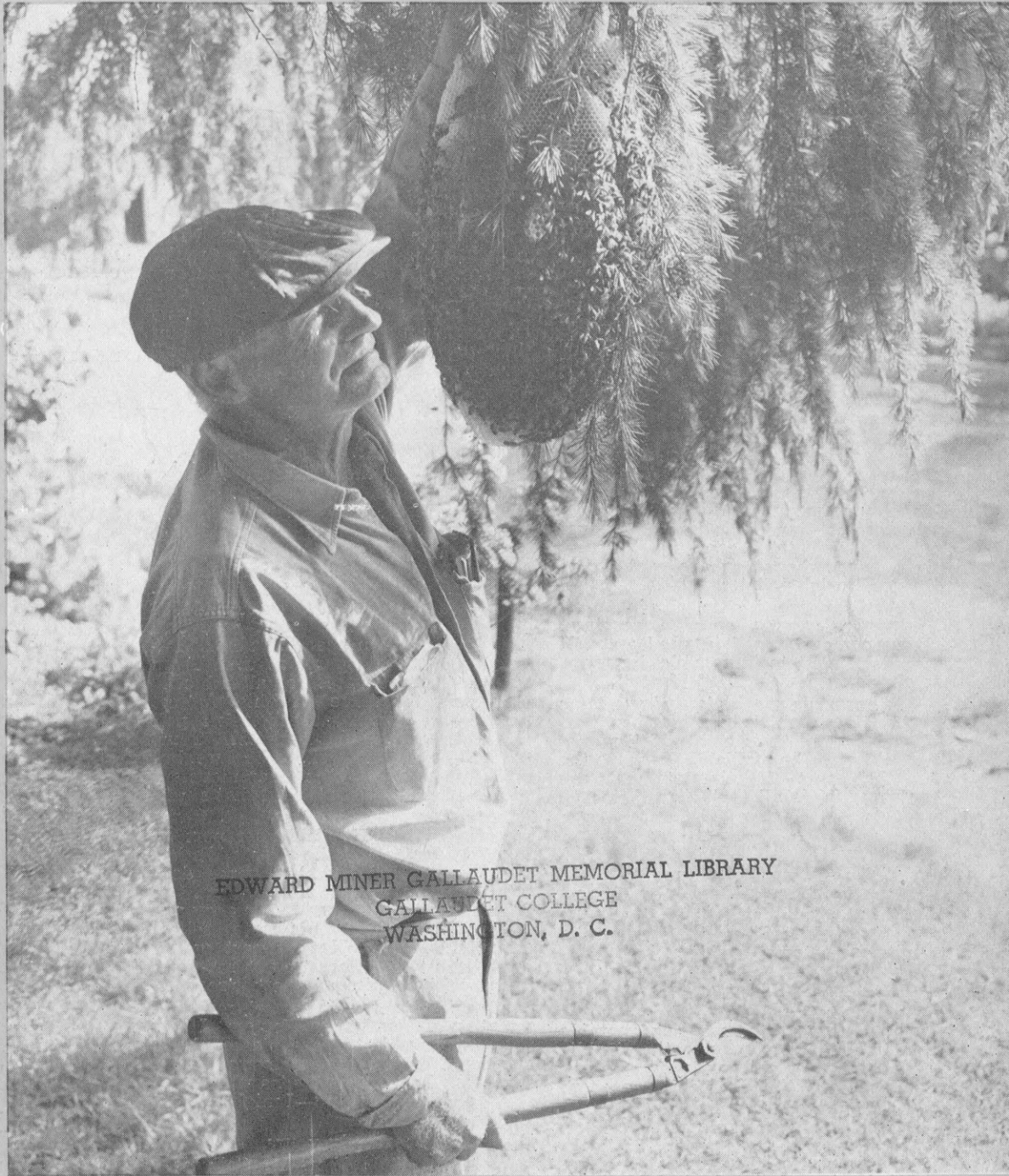
BILL BARWISE:
HONEYMAN



TALLADEGA PROGRAM
FOR NAD BENEFIT



17th ANNUAL NATIONAL
BASKETBALL MEET



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REMOVING A SWARM . . . See Page 3

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MAY, 1961

The Editor's Page

Many Favorable Comments On Fort Monroe Workshop

The Workshop on Community Development through Organizations of and for the Deaf, at Old Point Comfort, Fort Monroe, Virginia, April 24-26, was an outstanding success according to reports from several who attended. In this issue W. T. Griffing has a lot to say, and next month we hope to have the complete report to print in THE SILENT WORKER, either in whole or in part.

We regret we were not one of the participants in the Workshop (we were not invited), and we hope that some prodding on our part helped to stress the need for concrete action. Right now we had better withhold further comment.

Views of Our Columnists

Now and then we receive objections from readers regarding statements made by our columnists. Complaints are made regarding facts as well as opinions.

It is journalistic practice to print material from columnists as reflecting their own opinions, and no attempt is made to separate facts. If the facts are wrong, the columnist is wrong. Many newspapers and other publications are continually in hot water over columns, yet they continue to print them even when they are contrary to their editorial policies.

As editor, we try to eliminate all libelous references, as well as statements not considered in good taste. It would be next to impossible, however, to check on the so-called "facts."

On the whole we think we have some excellent columnists. They gather a lot of material on their own which would not otherwise be available. Perhaps the fact that some of their statements are controversial is all to the good.

School's Out!

By the end of this month practically all of the schools for the deaf will be out for the summer months. Both the students and staffs will welcome the respite from tedious routines.

What happens to the students during the summer months? A few studies have been made along this line, and the findings point out some unfavorable aspects of the summer vacation. Public school (hearing) children present many problems and the deaf children more so.

Several of our residential schools attempt to alert parents to the problems concerning the general welfare and behavior of the deaf children. A few even try, and commendably so, to encourage summer reading programs. Every teacher knows how much children tend to forget between May and September.

Deaf adults can help with many of the problems by taking an active in-

terest in wholesome activities for deaf students in their localities. Most parents are not equal to the task, not from lack of interest but from lack of contacts.

Perhaps some state associations can be persuaded, in the not too distant future, to look into the problems and help with summer activities. We have read that in Wichita deaf teenagers have been conducted on tours with considerable success.

Church and Religious News

For several years THE SILENT WORKER had a Church Page Editor. More recently we have lacked coverage of church and religious news because copy has not been coming in. We would like very much to appoint someone to take care of such coverage. Are there any volunteers or nominations?

In the meantime, we shall continue to print features and announcements as they come in, but we expect that all such copy be fairly up to date.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I'm mad. I thought I'd vent my madness on the editor of THE SILENT WORKER. Here goes:

To begin with, I know that it is difficult to put out a paper like THE SILENT WORKER, and criticism does not make the putting-out any easier. However, I feel that I must write and tell you that THE SILENT WORKER devotes entirely too much space to SPORTS—and state school sports at that. Even men who are devotees of all athletics find your coverage of this subject boring—I know, because I took a poll at the recent National Basketball Tournament—a random poll, to be sure, but a poll it was, and the unanimous reaction was "No, I don't read that stuff."

In a recent issue President Burns remarked, "Mr. Hertfelder's report on the Conference for the Aging Worker was very interesting, but space does not permit us to print it now"—yet you devoted umpteen pages to the **very uninteresting** subject of state school sports. Mr. Hertfelder's report would have been very interesting to me—and I am positive, quite a few other readers.

I won't threaten to cancel my subscription of THE SILENT WORKER—I love the magazine—but please, please, please cut down on the sports coverage (and must you have so many travel articles—since I am criticizing—I might as well go the whole hog).

Unsportingly yours,

Charlotte Collums

* * *

Dear Charlotte:

We cannot afford to engage the services of one of the better known polls to ascertain just what readers like best and least in THE SILENT WORKER, so we try to print ALL the

material we receive. This month we have 36 pages again.

The Editor

The Silent Worker

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May, 1961—THE SILENT WORKER

William B. Barwise, Honeyman

By TOIVO LINDHOLM

William B. Barwise has a unique position among the deaf in the way of a livelihood. He is a honeyman! He was a pioneer in that line—first deaf beekeeper in the Far West.

Technically, perhaps, he is an apiarist—a beekeeper, if you will. He is interested in honey, *per se*, hence a honeyman. Bees are a means to his acquisition of honey, so he has to be a beekeeper and withstand bee stings. So for his pains he gives you honey. Honey, mind you, that bees manufacture from nectar and pollen they gather from flowers of the field and forest.

So Bill Barwise raises bees, *apis mellifera*; bees gather honey for him; and he processes and sells honey to wholesale houses that further process, pack, and deliver it to stores and supermarkets.

A few salient facts may astonish you. There are many kinds of honey . . . boys, we do have two distinct kinds of honey—one of the curvaceous, luscious kind that makes up at least half our world, and the other kind that we spread on bread . . . But let's be gourmets, shall we? There are dark and golden light honeys, with shades in between—all palate ticklers—(let's stay sensuous) such as sage, orange, alfalfa, wild buckwheat, cotton, eucalyptus, red gum tree honeys, to name such as Bill dabbles in. Bill insists there are variations in taste of different honeys—flavor of tongue—see? Don't digress.

As to the extent of Bill's holdings!!! (Huh! Armful of honey—Shall I throw hives, shingles, nettlerash at you?)

(This reporter did this article during the Christmas season and presumably is slightly affected—seasonally affected.)

Bill owns 700 hives, 2000 supers (second, third, fourth-story boxes above the hives), a 40x60-foot cement-block warehouse, first stage honey processing equipment, 162½ acres of land, a Studebaker flat truck with hoist or crane for loading and unloading hives on truck, a house he built himself—and a whole empire of Southern California for honeybee hive concessions.

Average number of combs or frames in a hive is nine. Average number of bees to a comb, Bill says, is a conservative 4000 (you figure by the number of hexagonal cells in a frame which is 6000—3000 to a side—and a bee to a cell). So that's 36,000 bees to a hive. (I don't blame you for being skeptical.) Multiply this by 700 hives that Bill owns, and you realize Bill may have close acquaintance with some 25,000,000 bees. (No, Bill isn't that interested in politics . . . and bees don't vote . . . and besides election's over for all that.)

Bill has an understanding with farmers in Kern, Tulane, Riverside, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and Ventura Counties, a drive of any distance up to



Bill smokes down bees into a man-made hive. A small piece of burlap sack is lighted in a blower. The smoke paralyzes bees for a few minutes.

250 miles, about using their premises for hive installations. Remember, bees are indispensable to farmers in pollinating their crops. Regularly Bill drives around picking up hives in his truck at night (when the bees are in the hives) and transferring them to new pastures before dawn of the next day, when old honey foraging places seem dried up. In this sense, it's like driving a flock of sheep to new grazing pastures periodically. Only Bill doesn't have to stand watch over his flock, and watch for the star of Bethlehem. Bees are armed with stinging retorts and can take care of themselves, while sheep are just sheepish in the company of wolves.

Simon Legree Bill drives his bees hard, it seems. By nature bees in the wild make their own hives, gather nectar and pollen, and store them as honey to feed their larvae and themselves in the dry of winter season. They are stuck in old locales and await next season's flowering before they can restock their old combs. They are open to the caprices of the elements.

Bill's bees are better housed, their larvae better cared for; their hives transferred seasonably to better feeding grounds; they propagate more freely and more safely; and so forth. For all the comforts and protection they get, they pay in "taxes," it would seem, in honey they give up to Bill. To be sure,

OUR COVER PICTURE

Bill Barnwise is shown about to remove a swarm of bees from a home site.

Bill does not squeeze every ounce of honey the bees make, just enough to leave them some for their needs (35 pounds to a hive, Bill states). Every three months or more Bill changes frames, taking out filled combs and inserting new frames in which he has affixed new sheets of wax, called foundation, from which the bees will draw out cells to complete the combs. Bill says he gets 25 to 250 pounds of honey from each hive a year. At the least, Bill sells 17,500 pounds a year—you figure that out at 25 pounds to each of the 700 hives. Honeyman Bill states that he's extracted as much as fifteen tons of honey in good seasons and as low as three tons in poor seasons.

Since there are flowers almost the year round in Southern California, Bill's schedule for honey is something like this: Gum honey, December to May. Orange honey, April and May. Wildflower honey, April and May. Sage honey, May and June. Wild buckwheat honey, June and July. Alfalfa honey, June to August. Cotton honey, July to September. Eucalyptus honey, November and December. Bill explains that honey from sage and wild buckwheat comes in abundance every six years. In between years it tapers off to almost zero and then rises back to peak years.

To be sure, Honey Bill has had his ups and downs. He's run into dry weather when flowers did not produce enough nectar. There was the time (about 1930) when Bill lost 250 colonies of bees when the temperature hit 125 in the shade, leaving him with only 25 colonies. Bill has had his hives tampered with—some of them overturned by vandals. Guess what the vandals got in return from the infuriated bees. One year Bill had 200 hives on his arid homestead land near Acton, California. Somebody must have wrecked them to be rid of the bees that hung close to the waterhole on the place. Bill never found the guilty party. Bill loses many swarms of bees every year from insect poison sprays. Just one of those occupational hazards to be reckoned with!

*On his place in the winter of 1915 his mother lost 1000 crates of oranges in a freeze. That'd be a double loss because at the time it was a dry season and leaves shriveled up, so they had to wait till the second following season before the trees could bear marketable fruit again.

In the long run, Bill's been happy. To be sure, Bill's been stung—literally a million times in 30 years, he says. He's immune to the bad effects of the stings others suffer from. It's said bee stings can kill. Well, Bill's been killed many times over, and he lives and breathes to tell us so.

Bill Barwise is 69 but youngish looking. He likes his work which gives him good returns for his efforts. And he's his own boss.



Bill Barwise is really in the honey business. At left, he is shown with hives and supers. Note the truck with hoist in the background. Center: Bill shown with two combs of bees. The bees are clustered thickly on the combs. Right: Bill working his hoist. There is a pushbutton box on the lifter, facilitating operations in raising and lowering hives and supers.

Apis Bill was born in Canada. He had only six months at the Belleville School for the Deaf, Ontario Province, Canada, before the family moved to Pomona, California, in 1898. He entered the California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, in 1900, where he stayed until 1911.

While there, Bill found a hive of bees on the inside wall of a stable at a portion of the place where the school for the blind now stands. He borrowed two dish-washing pans and filled them with the honey. He and the boys in his dormitory gorged themselves on the honey.

His parents bought five acres of young orange grove. There his mother found a swarm of honey bees and started beekeeping. She had had experience with 50 colonies of bees in Canada before Bill was born. When Bill finished school, she turned over to him six hives of bees, and he was on his way. To supplement his earnings, Bill was a farmer, carpenter, cement worker, etc. He had a stint of 12 years in a citrus packing house during winter and spring, and one of 15 years in a cannery in summer and fall. He

also pruned 200 acres of fruit trees for a neighbor annually for eight years. Bill also did lid work for a grape company for six years (September and October) boxing lugs of grapes at \$25 a day. He quit when his work with the bees increased and he could subsist on it.

In 1915, Bill acquired 160 acres of homestead land from the government. To get title to it he had to live on the land three years. Finally he got the deed and has been paying taxes on it ever since, and he's had some paying hives on it.

One day, while living there, Bill climbed up over a huge rise of ground, 500 feet over his land (or to 4000 feet elevation) and went down into an arroyo, about a mile from his homestead. There he found a swarm of bees on a sage bush. He returned for a sack, went back and worked the bees into it. From a neighbor some miles away Bill borrowed a hive and "shook" the bees into it. He established the hive in a canyon not far from his house. The next year he visited it and was pleasantly surprised to find it full of honey. From this the aparist has since had many swarms of bees.

Honey Bill found a honey after his own heart and married her in 1921: Ethel Mae DeWitt, hailing from Nebraska, and a pupil at the Berkeley School for four years.

Since the bees were now getting on his mother's nerves with their buzzing and chatter and all, Bill and his wife moved to a tract of 2½ acres in Ontario, a municipality a few miles east of Pomona, and took with them all the hives from the old place. On the new place Bill also raised peach trees. Their first dwelling was a house of two rooms. In time the house was enlarged to accommodate their growing family. There in time they raised a brood of five

children—four of them now living. Their oldest son lives in Sacramento with a family of four girls. The other son is at nearby Cucamonga with three children, working at Kaiser's Fontana steel mills. He has 75 hives on the side. He will eventually inherit Bill's entire bee empire: already Bill is contemplating retirement.

One of Bill's and Ethel's daughters is in Japan where her husband has been with the Air Force for four years. They have four children. The other daughter is now living with her parents, with her two children. She works at Convair in Pomona. So now Bill and Ethel can boast of 13 grandchildren.

Ethel Barwise tells of having been pestered (this is putting it mildly) at one time by thousands of flies around her home and the neighborhood; she even found them in her clean washed clothes, all because the marmalade company nearby was fertilizing its adjoining land with refuse from the marmalade process, and the company was slow to plow over the land before multitudinous flies were hatched.

Bill tells of one great sandstorm in 1923 which blew fine, black dust into their house through cracks in the doorways and windows. Dust in their clothes, dust in bed, dust in food, etc. It took them a long time to clean up the place. They actually cleaned out about a hundred pounds of dust out of the house, Bill avers. They now have neighbors with houses around them and trees for windbreaks, so sandstorms are no such terrors they were before.

Among some pictures Bill exhibited, he showed one taken recently on the lot of a home in town. An elderly woman was bothered by the buzzing of bees on her premises for some 10 days. She finally found the source and called the police department, and the police called Bill. Picture shows Bill standing nonchalantly around a swarm of bees (some four thousand, Bill



Bill and his son outside their warehouse.



Bill and a swarm of bees.

claims) on a branch of a pine tree—Bill with open collar and no face protection. Bill simply cut the branch and transferred the bees to a hive he brought along.

The first-stage honey processing equipment in Bill's warehouse consists of a comb-uncaking machine tool, a large extractor where honey is forced from frames by centrifugal force, steamheated bins where honey is melted into liquid form at 135 degrees Fahrenheit and piped into an eight-can

A swarm (or colony) of bees in a hive consists of a queen bee, with a few drones for mating purposes, and a great number of sexually undeveloped worker bees that gather nectar and pollen, manufacture honey, take care of the larvae, clean out the hive, and do other chores for the maintenance of the bee community life. The domesticated bees don't seem to mind being domesticated and deprived of much of their honey—they have the sense of knowing when they are better off this way than in the wild state.

Moral lesson: So we are a social community in varying form and highly organized. We don't mind being civilized, taxed, organized, made by necessity to be largely conformists. Still we are fortunate to be free to think, to say, to do much as we please (licensed liberty), and to choose our own vocation other than that of honey gathering. Which the bees don't. We have family life to our varying individual conditions, we can move from place to place—by jet if we wish, and we own property. We study, philosophize, and probe even unto the stars. And we mechanize, automationize, and harness the atom. Which the bees don't.

Thanks, Bill, for a honey of a story.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Your lead editorial for November raises what seems to be a many-sided issue. If there is lack of action in the matter of results from workshops and meetings designed to plan and motivate increased work with the deaf, it is a fault of many people, not a few. The many sides and the many people exist not in Washington, where your barb seems pointed, but down in the states, in the cities and in the towns. The action must come from there.

You cite workshop proceedings in printed form that look good but do not produce any immediate action. Might I ask if you have placed a copy of any of these proceedings in the hands of

people in your town who are in the position to use them? This is a shotgun question; it is not aimed at the editorial writer, but at his readers. The material is available, the NAD has it, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation has it, and generally it is yours for the asking. Get it and take it to the people in your town who can help in the matter of jobs, training, welfare help where it is needed, marriage counseling when it is needed, and all the other services of the town and county. Ask them to read it and then offer to come and talk about it. Maybe offer to teach them the manual alphabet. Do this and you have a friend who will be grateful for the opportunity to gain a little professional growth. Then when you have a deaf friend in need, you will know where to send him. True, the service worker will not be an expert, but until we have them, a friend will be of far more help than someone who, in the words of some rehabilitation workers, feels like matching coins to see who will have to work with the deaf person.

Automation, as a problem, is still debated in the upper levels of management. According to your editorial, it is a problem of today for deaf people and long-range planning will not help the man out of work today. The pipeline to and from Washington is long, and sometimes it acts slowly when time is at a premium. So, what are you doing at the local level? Have you provided the young deaf man or woman with the advice of your experience? If you see the value in training, have you told him so, and helped him find the training? It is available, but it cannot seek out the person who needs it.

The need for psychiatrists exists, as evidence the column material of Butler and Falberg. Psychometrists are needed as well. Have you found one and encouraged him to take an interest in our problems? Must Washington do it or the NAD Home Office? They can and will help, but the grass roots have to move first. The employment service personnel are on the level where your friend in need of work must seek help. Have you paved the way for understanding?

If you see a need, do something about it. If your state does not have a reasonably capable rehabilitation agent to work with the deaf, make it your business to tell the state officials there is a need and you and your friends have votes. Show him that your organization is big, that it has votes, and then back it all up with evidence of the need. That is a way to get local action.

The NAD is its members; its members should be you; so get the NAD moving by moving yourself. If you need ideas on how to move for the best results, write the Home Office and get the advice of experienced people. It is fine to pay dues, but when the country was young, people paid for things they needed by exchanging goods for services. Basically, the work on problems of the deaf is still young, so exchange some of your service and your rewards will be great.

R. M. Phillips



Bill's truck loaded with hives and supers is on its way home from a hive location.

tank and strained through screen and cheesecloth into another tank. Finally it goes into five-gallon cans, before taken to wholesale houses for preparation for market.

I am giving you a "birds and bees" talk, only confining myself to bees. Will you bear with me, even if it's a repetition of what you've heard from mother, or housemother at school?

Honeybees (*apidae*) are social insects living in highly organized communities, as any encyclopedia will tell you.

Trip to Colorado and South Dakota

By OSCAR GUIRE

I was getting ready for a camping trip to Rocky Mountain National Park when a brain bleeding knocked me down in June, 1947. As usual I was looking ahead. I had decided on Mount Rainier National Park for 1948. I had no plans for Florida and Cuba. They seemed to be too far away for a 16-day trip. I never liked to make a long trip in a hurry. Now under the terms of a new agreement with the union, a worker who has worked for the cement company (my former employer) for 25 or more years is allowed an annual vacation of four weeks with pay.

The paralytic stroke made camping impossible but not all modes of travel. When I decided to resume sightseeing, I changed the order of places to be seen. In 1950, Gene and I went to Mount Rainier, Grand Coulee, Seattle, and Victoria. I have described previously my trip to Florida and Cuba in 1951. Colorado was next. I have told about my travels and experiences in Hawaii from September, 1953, to September, 1954 (SILENT WORKER, September, 1959, to January, 1960, inclusive).

It was a hardship on Gene to do all the driving on the trip of 1950. She did not feel equal to the task of taking me to Colorado. So I decided to go alone. Since I was going alone, I decided to add South Dakota and Wyoming to the trip. I liked train travel best, but my mode of travel depended primarily on what I wanted to see. I had to use buses for 40 to 60 per cent of the mileage. I had already seen some of Colorado on two of my fourteen trips between home and college in Washington, D. C. There were many interesting places in Colorado which I had not seen.

I left San Bernardino on the Santa Fe Railway. My first sight to see was to be the Great Meteorite Crater of Arizona, about 50 miles east and south of Flagstaff. I had already seen everything else in Arizona and New Mexico. The railroad did not go near the crater, but the transcontinental highway U. S. 66 did. So I got off the train at Flagstaff at 5 a. m. My bus was to come two hours later. I was alone in the station. There was nothing on sale in the station. There were autos running on the streets, but there was no taxicab in sight. Flagstaff was not large enough to make taxicabs start running so early. There was an open eating place across the street, but I could not go there. Why not? I will tell you how I got around in San Bernardino before I had a three-wheel scooter.

I could not walk across a busy street. I could not walk fast enough to avoid being run down by a car. I often hired

a taxicab to take me to the other side of the street. I had another way of getting around. I lived on the south side of East Base Line Avenue, one of the busiest streets. It was a part of a highway to Redlands and several smaller communities to the east.

I did most of my business in San Bernardino, but it was convenient for me to continue doing business with a certain bank in Colton. Its location on a bus line made it convenient for me. When one in my neighborhood wanted to go by bus to town or Colton, he had to go to the north side of East Base Line Avenue and get on a westbound bus. That was not the way I operated. Taxicabs never waited where I lived. Their waiting stand was about 25 blocks away. It was too much to expect them to be willing to come so far just to take me across a street.

I stayed on my south side and rode on an eastbound bus to the eastern end. At the end the bus turned around and went westward where I wanted to go, but I had to pay another fare. The bus stopped right in front of my bank. When I wanted to go home, I did not go to the other side of the street. I got on a bus in front of the bank. It went two blocks to the Colton end, turned around, and I paid a fourth fare. In the end I got off exactly where I got on in the beginning. Thus I paid four fares for one round trip. It took a lot of time, but I had all the time in the world. I used the same procedure when I wanted to go to town.

Does the procedure look simple? I used my simplest trip for description in order not to confuse my readers. In fact, it was a little more complicated. There were several bus lines. I lived at different places at different times. I went to different places for various seasons.

I could not use that procedure in Flagstaff, but I managed to scare up some sort of breakfast. What did I have to eat and drink? Where did I get them? Why, candy and water! The candy was in my bag all the time. The day before Gene gave me a box of candy when she and a friend took me to the train. It was not a very good meal, but it was not much worse than eggs fried by the devil, naked toast, and dying coffee.

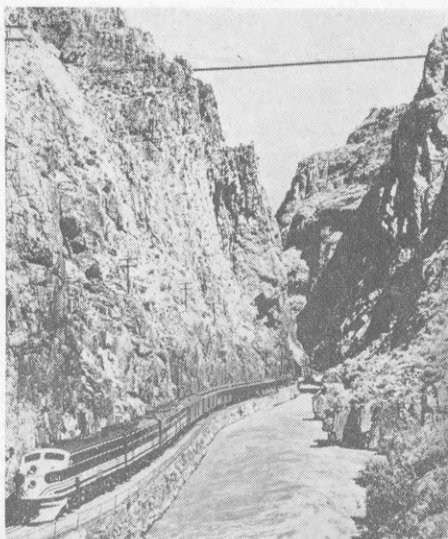
My bus picked me up at the railroad station. I got off at a little building which was a combination of gasoline service station, bus station, lunchroom, and general store. There was no other building in sight. The meteorite museum was a few miles away on a dusty road. The bus driver watched me walk to the store and asked, "How do you expect to get to the museum?" I explained, "Before I left home, I received a letter from the curator. He promised to come for me." The driver was satisfied and drove on.

The storekeeper phoned to the museum. The curator was away on vacation. His assistant came and took me to the museum. It had the largest collection of meteorites in the country. Since my visit, the museum has been moved to the crater which was a few miles away. When I finished my inspection of the meteorites, I was taken to the crater.

The crater was created by the impact of a huge meteorite. It is 4150 feet across and 570 feet deep. It is said to be the largest proven meteorite crater in the world. After my visit a larger crater was discovered in the wild northeast of Canada, but its origin is said not to be proven to be meteoric. In South Africa there is a crater which is 26 miles across and 25,000 to 45,000 feet deep. It was caused by the impact of an asteroid.



The hanging bridge of the Denver Rio Grande & Western Railroad in the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. (Royal Gorge Bridge Co. photo)



Denver Rio Grande & Western train in Royal Gorge coming over the hanging bridge (in the background) and under the Royal Gorge Bridge, the highest bridge in the world. (Royal Gorge Bridge Co. photo)

Numerous meteorites have been found on and under the surface of the Arizona crater, but the huge meteor has not been found. The owner was a mining engineer. He drilled holes more than 1000 feet deep and dug a deep shaft. He had bought the place to mine iron ore but failed to find a large body of iron ore.

When I had my fill of the sight and was ready to return to the store, the young man invited me to have lunch with him. I had to decline because I was afraid I'd miss my bus for Gallup, New Mexico. I preferred to have a poor meal in a hurry and be sure of my bus. In Gallup I slept at the Fred Harvey Hotel connected with the Santa Fe station.

In the morning I took a bus to Durango, Colorado. There was no bus for me to take to Alamosa. There was a strike of bus drivers on the Denver-Colorado Springs-Pueblo line. It upset bus schedules in other parts of the state.

The next day a bus came from Utah and took me. At Alamosa the stationmaster locked the station, carried my bag, and helped me walk across the street to Victoria Hotel. My sole purpose in going to Alamosa was to see Great Sand Dunes National Monument, which is 37 miles from Alamosa. The dunes cover 46,034 acres and peak to a height of 1000 feet. The sand is driven by the prevailing winds from the west against the Rocky Mountains below a pass. The land between Alamosa-Salina road and the dunes is barren desert. The sand is not snow-white like the White Sands of New Mexico. It is of the ordinary quartz-silicate kind. It is free of iron oxides and hydroxides which discolor sand elsewhere. Its degree of purity is high.

I talked to the hotel manager about the sand dunes. There was no regular trip there. He objected to a taxicab as too expensive. He called the Chamber of Commerce and told about me. The

CC manager said that his secretary, Miss Jones, would take me in the morning. Barbara Jones was a delicious morsel—one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. Another girl came with her. She talked to me while Barbara drove. There were some people walking on the sand. Barbara scooped up some sand for me to examine. There was one park ranger on duty. He had a little house there. When Barbara returned me to my hotel, I told her what I thought of the CC using beauty to serve visitors. She took my statement with her.

I have enjoyed seeing sand at many places. I have found recreation, scientific interest, and beauty in it. The sand dunes of Death Valley National Monument are a sight to see. The sand dunes just west of Colorado River, where one enters California from Yuma, Arizona, have just been made a state park. One of my favorite playgrounds was the sand blown high against the foot of San Jacinto Peak in San Geronimo Pass, 10 miles from Palm Springs. The best displays of wildflowers in California are on the deserts of Southern California. There are few wildflowers elsewhere because agriculture destroys wildflowers. One of the best places is the 100 miles of white sand dunes between Palm Springs and Indio. There is only one beach which is worth while to see—just to see without taking a bath. It is Kalapana Beach on the island of Hawaii. Its beauty is extraordinary. The sand is jet black. Palms grow on the beach. There are large dunes of black sand nearby.

The easiest way out of Alamosa was to take a bus to Pueblo. I preferred to take a train between Salina and Canon City because I wanted to see certain things near Canon City. Royal Gorge is the best part of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. In my college days I had looked at Royal Gorge from an open observation car. This time I wanted to look at all of the canyon from a glass dome double-deck car.

To go to Salina I had to ride in a sedan operated by a man who had a contract with the U. S. Government to carry mail to isolated communities between Alamosa and Salina. He was licensed by the state to carry paying passengers. He made one round trip every day except Sunday. When we left Alamosa, I was the only passenger. When we arrived in Salina, the car was full. The countryside looked more productive around Salina than around Alamosa.

At Salina my train stopped farther from the station than I expected. When the brakeman saw that it would take me long to walk to the train, he and the local baggage agent picked me up and carried me and my bag to the train. I climbed into the car without any help.

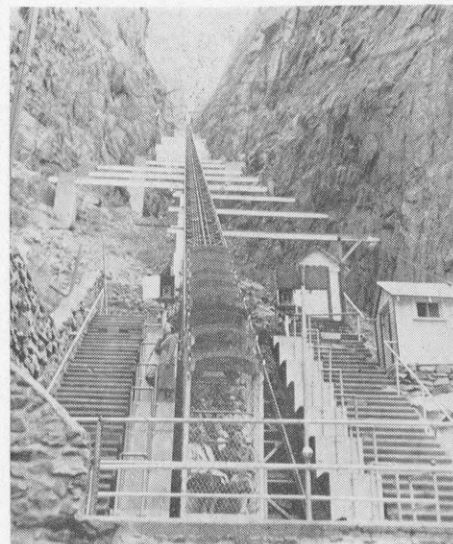
The bed of the railroad was poorly made. The train rocked so much that it was impossible for me to walk while the train was moving. My Santa Fe train was not like that. When the Denver, Rio Grande & Western train

stopped at a place for a few minutes, I went to the upper deck. I saw what I wanted to see. During a brief stop at another place I returned to my original seat.

I was about the only tourist in Canon City. The bus driver's strike was settled the day before, and the many tourists went home in a hurry. I was the only one who wanted a sightseeing trip to Royal Gorge. The price was normally three dollars a person, but I had to pay the minimum of six dollars. It was not too bad because I had the driver-guide's exclusive attention. I wanted to go to the bottom of Royal Gorge on the incline railway. The operator advised me not to do it because the bottom was too rough for me to walk on. However, he gave me a free ride in one of the cages. The cages were lowered and pulled up with steel cables at an angle of 45 degrees. The bridge over the gorge is said to be the world's highest bridge, 1053 feet above the river. The feature which interested me most was the hanging bridge at the narrowest part of the gorge. Beams in the form of inverted V's are fastened to the sheer walls. From the beams is suspended the Rio Grande railroad over the river.

I took a train to Colorado Springs via Pueblo. My sole purpose in going there was to take the cog train to the top of Pikes Peak. I arranged with a driver to take me to the station, meet me at the top, and bring me down. The slope is so steep that a locomotive of the conventional type cannot be used. There is a toothed rail between two rails of the usual smooth type. The engine has a cog which is in contact with the middle rail. There are other interesting things to see around Colorado Springs. I did not try to see them because I had already seen them on one of my trips between home and college. At that time, the cog railway was there, but a paved road had not been built to the top of Pikes Peak.

Denver was my next stop. I made three side trips out of Denver. One was to the top of Mount Evans. It is not the highest mountain in Colorado, but it has the highest paved road in the nation. On the way we stopped at a small place for lunch. After lunch,



Incline car at the bottom of the world's steepest incline railway, Royal Gorge, Colorado.

lacking something better to do while waiting for the bus to go on, I stood at a counter and looked at souvenirs without any desire to buy one. The young girl who was in charge of the place was friendly and started a conversation. It was customary all over the nation to use college girls and boys for summer work at resorts. I asked the girl what she was studying in college. She said, "I am majoring in home economics. If I do not marry, I will teach home economics. If I marry, I can still put my college education to good use."

Another side trip was to Rapid City, South Dakota. In Canon City, Colorado Springs, Denver, and Rapid City I had nothing to do with the Chambers of Commerce because these cities attracted large numbers of tourists and had regularly scheduled trips to places which I wanted to see. I went to Badlands National Monument which was about 75 miles east of Rapid City. The sedan in which I rode was full. The scenery of the Badlands is fantastic. It can not be described. One has to see it to appreciate it.

I wanted to go northwest into Wyoming to see the Devil's Tower National Monument. The Devil's Tower is the largest of its kind in the nation. At the time of my visit to South Dakota the tower was interpreted as the neck of an ancient giant volcano, the sides of which were eroded away or as the remnant of a larger, intrusive rock mass. Recent studies indicate that it was formed from a molten rock intrusion of general size and shape seen today. The sides of the tower are sheer, and the top is flat. Some years ago a man climbed to the top. It was a great feat, but he could not get down and the rangers had to call for a helicopter to rescue him.

I investigated the problem of transportation. I found that I would have to get off the bus at Sundance, which was 29 miles from the Devil's Tower. I decided against the trip and returned to Denver. Recently I looked at a road map of Wyoming and found that Sundance had a population of 900 in 1950. Its name was printed in red, which meant that I could get a room and

meals. But it did not mean that I could get transportation to the Tower.

I made a three-day tour of Rocky Mountain National Park. My driver-guide was a young school teacher from Montana. We spent the first night at Estes Park. Colorado made a greater effort to keep up an atmosphere of the Old West than California did. For one thing, the waitresses at our resort were dressed as cowgirls. I have forgotten my waitress' name, but I remember that she was a history major at Northwestern University and that she was engaged to a naval officer stationed at Long Beach, California. After my last meal I told her what I thought of her, and she asked my permission to save the writing.

We spent the next night at Grand Lake. When we arrived at Grand Lake Lodge, the driver talked to the manager, who offered me one of the old rooms on the ground floor of the main building. The rooms were shabby and were not in regular use any more except for some employees. There were nice new cabins behind the lodge, but the ground was too rough for me to walk on. I thought that my room was good enough. I had no trouble in using the stairs to the lobby and dining room.

I sat down at a table and ordered lunch. The waitress gave me no further attention. Darya came to my table and finger spelled, "Can you talk on your fingers?" I believe that the hostess told my original waitress to leave me to Darya. Or maybe Darya herself asked the other girl to let her wait on me. It was apparent that she knew of my deafness before coming to me. When she was not busy, she stood at my table and talked. She asked, "Would you like for me to talk to you in the lobby this afternoon?" Yes, I would. The bus driver came and offered a sightseeing tour of the vicinity. He took me in a sedan and drove me around for half an hour or an hour. It was not a part of the official tour. He just wanted to do me a favor. When we returned, Darya was in the lobby waiting for me.

Darya's real name was Dorothy. I have known several other Dorothy's. It

has been my fancy to use a special name for the grand lady of Grand Lake. Darya is the transliterated form of the Russian equivalent of Dorothy. From time to time Chemical Abstracts Service (a part of American Chemical Society) asks for more help from chemists who can read Russian. I thought that I might be able to help in that way. I studied Russian—several hours a day every day for two years. No, I am not bright enough to learn to read any foreign language fluently without spending ten years where all people use the language all the time. I had the same difficulty with German many years ago, even though I had A and B in German at the University of California and the instructor scolded the class for not doing as well as I did. Language is not my strong point. Physical science and mathematics are much easier for me. I guess it is hard for a deaf person to learn a foreign language. The author (Perry) of a Russian grammar advises the student to read Russian words aloud to himself. He says that heard words are easier to remember than read words.

Fifty years ago German was the leading language for chemistry. French was the second; English, the third. Russian did not count. Now English is the leader with Russian as the second. German is the third; French, the fourth. All other languages are unimportant. In any nation when a chemist wants to tell the world about a discovery, he does not use his own native language unless it is widely read by chemists outside his homeland. I have abstracted research papers in English published in Switzerland, Belgium, Sweden, Finland, Czechoslovakia, India, Japan, China, Pakistan, and South Africa (they speak chiefly Dutch in South Africa).

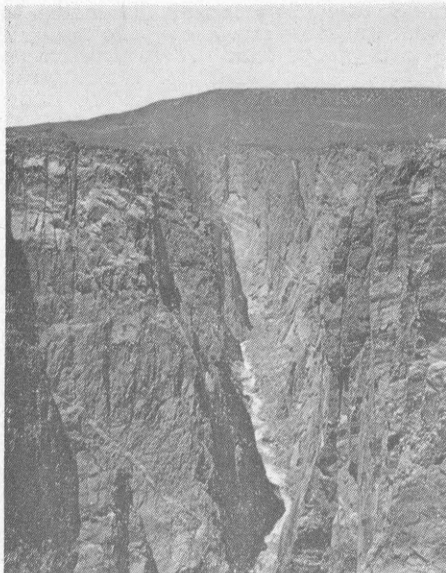
There is a movement to have a course in Russian at Gallaudet College. Some students asked for it. The college was looking for somebody who could teach both German and Russian when I read about it in the *Buff and Blue*.

(After the delivery of the manuscripts of this article to the editor, the *Buff & Blue* announced the appointment of Charles H. Yeager as assistant professor of Russian and German. Four boys are taking Russian this year.)

Darya's father was a blind graduate of the Colorado School for the Deaf and the Blind. He worked as a piano tuner, but he had been dead five years when I saw her. Her mother became deaf at the age of 30 years and learned the manual alphabet from a card. Darya learned it at the age of four years. She was to finish college in one more year when I met her. Though she used the manual alphabet fluently—as fast and clearly as any deaf person—I did not follow her with the greatest of ease because her "p" was always wrong. Her "p" was "l" upside down—just like what the members of Kappa Gamma fraternity of Gallaudet College use for the Greek letter



Cog train at the top of Pikes Peak, altitude 14,110 feet. In the background is the famous old stone summit house. (Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce photo)



Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Depths range from 1800 to 2800 feet. The canyon is 40 feet wide at the narrowest point and 1350 feet at the widest. The sheer, dark granite walls are laced with felspar of varying hues. (Montrose County Chamber of Commerce photo)

"gamma." When I told her that her "p" confused me, she said that my "p" confused her, too.

It is not a good idea to learn the manual alphabet from a card without trying it on deaf people. There was a young schoolteacher in San Bernardino who made a hobby of languages. He knew to varying degrees many languages, including Chinese and Japanese, which he learned while serving in the army. When he read in a San Bernardino newspaper about my one year-long stay in Hawaii, he wanted to learn the sign language. When he entered the room to meet me, he finger-spelled something which looked like

"oi." "Hi" was what he wanted to say. He showed me his card of the manual alphabet. I looked at its back and knew that he had bought it from a deaf peddler.

I told Darya about my waitress at Estes Park. I wondered what the girl expected to get out of her study of history. Darya did not know any of the girls at the other resort, but she knew what girls everywhere want. She said, "A husband is what she really wants." What did Darya herself want? She had been a major in business three years. When she returned to college, a music major became seriously interested in her, and she changed her major to music. She had not completed the requirements for a degree in business and did not have time to meet the requirements for a degree in music. As a result she did not get a degree.

For a girl, what is a degree compared with a husband?

Under the American-Soviet program of cultural exchange the U. S. Office of Education sent a team of 10 experts to the Soviet Union for six weeks to study the Soviet system of education. Their report was published under the title of "Soviet Commitment to Education." It says that Soviet girls do not go to college to get married. If I had a daughter, I would let her go to college and compete with other girls on equal terms. Incidentally, the report does not contain anything of special interest to the deaf. The team did not have time to investigate every phase of Soviet education. They visited one school for the blind but no school for the deaf.

Darya and I talked until dinnertime. At dinner I asked her, "What will you do tonight?" She asked, "You want to talk some more? That will be nice, but you will have to wait until I eat my dinner and help with the dishes."

There was a bar in one corner of the lobby curtained off from the rest of the room. I suggested drinks. She said, "Employees are not supposed to drink with guests, but I will see what the manager thinks about it." When she

returned, she said, "He says that it is all right for me to drink with you, but the bar is closed for the night and there is nobody to fix drinks for us now."

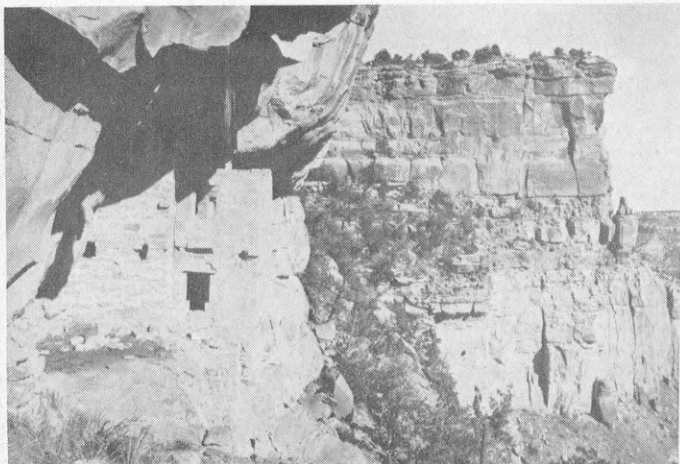
The driver-guide had a new idea for the third and last day. When he brought the bus to the lodge, he locked it. He wanted me to be the first to go in. He wanted me to have the seat behind him so that he could tell me about the scenes on the way. When I packed and left my room, Darya was outside waiting. She carried my bag and walked with me to the bus. At the bus door I kissed her good-bye.

When I came home, I wrote her a letter. Gene read it and added a note of her own. At my request Gene sent her two pairs of stockings. I was not satisfied and sent three more pairs. She felt rich and shared them with her mother. When she married the music major, I sent them a present. When they had a baby, I sent money to buy something for the baby. I corresponded with her mother for two years. That is how I know what Darya did after my stay at Grand Lake. When I heard last about her, her husband was teaching music in a high school in the State of Washington.

There was one place in Denver which I wanted to see. It was the research laboratory of the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation. It is an immense place. It is the largest concrete laboratory in the nation. A part of it is a chemical laboratory, but it is small compared with what Portland Cement Association has at Skokie near Chicago. Dam builders and cement manufacturers are interested primarily in different types of problems which, though, overlap to a certain extent. Membership in American Society for Testing Materials is on a broad basis. It includes all kinds of men who have something to do with cement, such as manufacturers, consumers of all sizes, consultants, and private testing laboratories which make tests for small users on a fee basis.

A young man named Gilliland was in charge of chemical analysis at the

These two pictures show ruins of prehistoric Indian cliff dwellings in Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado. At the left is the two-story Cliff House. This little ruin was the first known to have been entered, photographed, and named. W. H. Jackson, the famous pioneer photographer, entered and photographed the ruin in 1874. At the right is a view from the north across the ruins of Cliff Palace. This ruined village must have once housed at least 400 people. Cliff Palace is the largest known cliff dwelling in the Southwest. These cliff dwellings were used during the 1200's. There are other types of ruins on the mesa top. There are pit houses which were occupied during the 500's. The first pueblos were built during the 800's. (Mesa Verde National Park photos)



USBR laboratory. He took a wheelchair from the first-aid station and wheeled me around to see the place. Though I had never seen him before, I had known him in a way. The head of the laboratory was an engineer named Harper. Gilliland's immediate boss was another engineer named Blank. I wrote my boss' letters which had to do with chemical analysis. I believe that Gilliland wrote Blank's letters which involved the same subject.

ASTM had no laboratory of its own. When a method of chemical analysis was proposed as one of the specifications for cement, it was up to Hanna (my boss, the chairman) and two other men to decide if the method was worthwhile to investigate. If they thought it was, they asked a number of laboratories (10 to 15) to try the proposed method on samples of cement distributed by the sub-committee. USBR was often asked to cooperate in the work. Harper left it to Blank to make the decision. Blank was always willing to cooperate. It was Gilliland's job to make analysis and offer an opinion on the worth of the proposed method.

The results and the names of cooperating laboratories and their analysts were published in a way which did not show who did good work and who did not. I had access to the confidential information because it was my job to prepare the reports. I knew Gilliland to be one of the most reliable analysts.

Both Gilliland and I were part-time abstractors for "Chemical Abstracts," published by American Chemical Society. I told him that "Rock Products" would soon have an article by me. He said that he would abstract it. It was his job to abstract all papers of chemical interest that appeared in this journal. I did not invent a new method of chemical analysis. I invented a new way to use mathematics in an old method, which, in my opinion, improved the method. I was paid something like \$20.75 for the article. The publisher had a fixed rate of so much per inch for all accepted material. It is better than to try to decide the true value of each article.

In an earlier number of the same magazine Wallace Gibson, a deaf analyst for Trinity Portland Cement Co. near Dallas published an article. He did not invent a new method. He described in full detail his way of using an old method, which, in his opinion, made it possible to obtain reasonably accurate results quickly. All manufacturing plants of all kinds which require chemical analysis for quality control face the necessity of making a compromise between speed and accuracy.

In leaving Denver for good, my train was two hours late on account of a flood in Kansas. When it arrived in Grand Junction, it was still two hours late. I got off right in front of DRG&W Cafe which was on railroad property, though about 100 feet apart from the station. It was too late to go to the Chamber of Commerce and find out how I could have a trip to Colorado National Monument which has interesting formations of red sandstone. I de-

cided to eat dinner before trying to find a hotel room. I talked to the manager of the cafe, W. D. White, Jr., about the desired trip which was the reason why I came to Grand Junction. He offered to take me in the morning.

If White had limited himself to the monument as I had expected, it would have been a matter of 25 miles in one hour. But he also showed the surrounding countryside. He drove about 100 miles in three hours. He had only one arm, but he was a skillful driver. The monument is something like the Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs but is larger and more impressive. The latter is better known only because Colorado Springs attracts more tourists than Grand Junction does.

Shortly after noon I took a bus to Montrose to see the Black Canyon of Gunnison National Monument. When I traveled one summer from college through Colorado and Utah to home, I used the popular and scenic route of the Denver, Rio Grande & Western Pacific. To return to college I used the return coupons of the same passes, but I varied the route a little. I went on the narrow-gauge from Grand Junction to Montrose to have the fun of going on narrow gauge and seeing more of Colorado. Narrow gauge is two-thirds of standard gauge, and the rolling stock is correspondingly smaller. The little train ran along the Gunnison River most of the way. I did not see the best part of the canyon.

There is no more narrow gauge passenger service in Colorado. Of the formerly large volume of business on narrow gauge all that remains is 50 miles of freight service by Denver, Rio Grande & Western between Silverton and Durango. This area is called the Switzerland of America. The mountains are high, but the area is better known for its gold mining. At Ridgeway (about half way between Montrose and Silverton) Denver, Rio Grande Southern operates a narrow gauge train called "the Galloping Goose" for tourists. In April, 1960, Southern Pacific abandoned the last narrow gauge train in California, 70 miles of freight service between Keeler and Laws in Owen Valley.

Before I left home, I wrote the Montrose Chamber of Commerce and asked if there was a way for me to go to the Black Canyon which is six miles from the town. The secretary replied that there would be someone to take me where I wanted to go, and she asked me to let her know when I arrived in town. I did not say anything about my condition. I had the impression that she would do the same thing for any visitor who did not have an auto of his own.

When I got my hotel room, I asked the clerk to notify the Chamber of Commerce. In the morning Horace Cooper came for me. He was the assistant postmaster. He was to retire the next year and expected to move to Long Beach, California. For the morning he showed me the Black Canyon and the immediate vicinity. At noon he took me home. He fixed an excellent lunch himself. There was no woman in the house. For the afternoon he showed me the countryside farther away from the town. He took

me to the Chamber of Commerce to meet the secretary. Finally he took me to a drygoods store where I bought a Western shirt (plaid) for Gene. Western shirts were popular in Colorado.

The next morning I was back in Durango, completing a roughly circular tour of Colorado. But my sightseeing was not finished yet. I made a side trip to Mesa Verde National Park to see the ruins of cliff dwellings which were once occupied by prehistoric Indians. There are four or five places in the Southwest where such ruins have been found. Mesa Verde is the largest and the others are national monuments. Mesa Verde was inhabited for about 1300 years by agricultural Indians who began to drift into the area shortly after the beginning of the Christian era.

The bus, which took us from Durango, went on a sightseeing tour of the park. A man who worked at the resort offered to take me in a private sedan. We followed the bus, and I had exclusive guide service. At one place he helped me walk a little down the rocky side of a canyon through trees to have a good view of cliff dwellings.

On the way back home there was no more to see, and nothing unusual happened. Colorado is really Colorado. That is, Colorado is what the word means—colorful. Its people are not any less wonderful.

(To be continued)

THIS MONTH'S QUOTES FROM LEWISTON, IDAHO

Dedicated to the NAD . . .

Determination can do more with a rusty monkey wrench than a slacker with a whole chest of tools.

Dedicated to the IAD . . .

Each man has two ends . . . sitting end and thinking end. Success depends on which end we use harder (Heads we win; tails we lose).

Sponsored by . . .

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1114-1116 Main Street
LEWISTON, IDAHO

The Educational Front and Parents' Department

By W. T. Griffing, Editor

Your favorite hearing aid must be turning cartwheels to inform you we are safely home from the Workshop on Community Development Through Organizations of and for the Deaf, at Old Point Comfort, Fort Monroe, Virginia, April 24-25-26. We liked it. We



W. T. GRIFFING

think the others did, too, some wholeheartedly, others with reservations. We had a very difficult task convincing people there that we really do kick the covers off at four o'clock mornings in order to put the percolator through its daily dozen while we sit, and sit, and sit, waiting for a perfectly heavenly inspiration to strike us so that we, in turn, will have a perfectly valid excuse for striking these keys. We never act without good cause—there is that SPCA!

When we greeted the fellow who was to chauffeur us through the beautiful Virginia country, we were polite enough to invite him to have breakfast. Know what he said? It was this: "Thank you, no. I got up at four this morning to cook my own breakfast!" Everywhere we went we were asked if we had that percolator with us. Several meanies put on an impromptu act in the hotel lobby. They kept turning around and around, looking this way then that way, finally stopping long enough to tell us they were looking for the dead line. How can there be community development when the word of shining truth is doubted?

If the NAD is to do all that is expected of it, where do you fit in the overall picture?

Gallaudet College under Dr. Leonard Elstad and Professor Alan B. Crammatte, the coordinator, did a wonderful job. They had plenty of help, of course; still they were the wheelhorses. We must not forget that folding stuff that came through a grant from the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. It will simplify matters to state that the last jaw-breaking part of sentence two, this paragraph, is really Dr. Mary Switzer, who is very gracious to the deaf.

A dollar won't break you, yet it may make the NAD!

We believe a great deal of good can come through the results of this meeting, but the final analysis will depend on the reaction from the grassroots. That means you. The time has come when we must decide whether we are to advance because to stand still to look back means that we will be forever left behind. All of this is not going to be an overnight job—it is far too important for that. It will involve the hardest kind of work and the most skillful of planning, but it can be done

when all of us pull together. This meeting will be reported at length, we are certain, so we will not butt in here. We are going to use our usual hit-miss method to let you know we were there.

**What is wrong with the NAD?
It could be you!**

The fellow who got the biggest kick by far out of the meeting was none other than Henry Redkey of the OVR. He was here, there, everywhere, beaming in high C. He was at home with each one at the gathering. He had fun for sure.

If the NAD really smells, you have a chance to fumigate it at Miami!

The Chamberlin was an ideal hotel for the meeting. Situated on a peninsula, with Fort Monroe leering from within shooting distance, there was nothing to do but show up at those meetings looking as bright as a new dollar, to try to be good, half-hoping that success would crown the effort, and to outlast all those bull sessions.

The dining room has cozy tables for two, the honeymooners, also 20x20 affairs for directors of, let us say, Bethlehem Steel. One look at the menu the first Sunday there all but caused Sam Rittenberg to swallow his Birmingham cigar, but after being assured he would get paid for the meal, he put the cigar out by ordering some ice cream that he had graciously declined after some hasty arithmetic work on the table cloth.

As usual, we did dumb things. We left our favorite belt at home. When we asked that beautiful thing at the air reservation desk (now we know why a lot of fellows switch to flying home!) where we might purchase one, she informed us the nearest store was miles away. Then, noticing our dismay, she kindly added, "Just let the trousers slide down—no one will notice here!" Our great-great grandfather would not like that!

Say, wasn't that Elizabeth A. Chase a chic looking thing? She has a law degree, so we hear, so we already have her telephone number—we are always getting into some jam.

Lowell J. Myers, the deaf lawyer from Chicago, smoked cigars that were a yard long. All of us were worried about how the ash would stay put.

Mervin Garretson showed us that Montana can play with English as a cat does a mouse. He knows what to say and how to say it. He had folks hanging onto each word. When some one asked him how he acquired such a beautiful command of English, he replied, "I herded sheep before I descended to teaching." There was a mad rush to buy sheep and erect pens.

Dr. Edmund Boatner came down from Connecticut to address the group at the banquet. He had us all in stitches. All of us wondered when Louis Fant, the interpreter, would fall

behind. But Louis, bless him, fairly flew through the air. This is indeed a day of the jet.

We never met so many smart cookies at one gathering. Ideas, plans, projects, inspiration, and the like bubbled to the surface whenever a crowd gathered. Some day we hope to be able to follow Frederick Schreiber when he is talking. He never uses a brake, and we have never learned to think faster than 50 mph.

The honeymooners, Professor and Mrs. Ed Scouten were there. Now that Ed has successfully hurdled the matrimonial barrier, the crowd is betting on Dr. Powrie V. Doctor to emulate his feat. Talk to Doc about this, and you'll hear some of the most genuine guffaws this side of Europe.

Interpreting was top grade. Planning was the cream. Fellowship was yours for the asking. The thinking made one realize that a lot of fellows are thinking faster and working harder than most of us.

We enjoyed the meeting so much that we are willing to forgive Professor Crammatte for all the ulcers brought on due to last minute arrival of plane tickets. If we develop ulcers, what was in Alan's sock?

This is just a few lines to tell you we were at Fort Monroe, passed within a stone's throw of Williamsburg, Yorktown, Jamestown, et al, with not the slightest chance of stopping to browse around. Next time we hope to collect our wits, to think as brilliantly as those fellows did. We may be able to tell you something you do not already know.

Join the NAD.

You're just the guy we need.

It has been a pleasure having you with us for coffee, at four o'clock in the morning. We do things like that in Oklahoma. We were called an Okie, but we did not even spit on the ground because that term has now become one of honor which we are proud to wear. We have to attend to our hearing aid—it says that the vowels are way over in the territory of the consonants. But, this one is too much for our vanity to resist: Gordon Allen who has roofed all the Minnesota governors, told us about a fellow he had been trying to get to join the NAD for 10! these many years. He loaned him a stack of SILENT WORKERS. Well, sirs and madams, he returned to plunk down his \$1 with this beautiful statement, "Just think of all the reading I might have missed in Parents-Education! I want to be sure of helping find that dead line for

WTG.

The Silent Worker

Yearly Subscription
\$3.50

**BERKELEY 4, CALIFORNIA
2495 SHATTUCK AVENUE**



Random Jottings

By Bernard Teitelbaum

4014 Saline Street
Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania

This writer still marvels at the ingenuity of youth in solving its problems. This would be a different world were youth to give the same thought to the solution to the serious problems of life as it does to its personal problems. Youth, however, confines itself to its immediate problems, tackling the more weighty problems of life when it is no longer youth.

We do not impute merit to the problems of youth—not to them all. The problems in themselves are entirely apart from the solutions to those problems and, while we may frown upon the problems, we cannot help oftentimes from marveling at the SOLUTIONS applied to the problems.

Thus it is that we marvel at the originality and boldness of execution of a solution to a problem not very long ago.

A mid-teen-aged boy got into some trivial difficulty at one of the local schools for the deaf in Pittsburgh, an almost daily occurrence in all schools for the deaf. As the boy brooded upon his problem, it became magnified out of all proportion to the events of his life, and he decided to "run off."

Ordinarily "runaways" head for home or hide out locally until hunger brings them back.

Not for this boy—this unusual boy. He disdained either of the traditional modes of "running away." Not for him any silly childish notion of reaching the moon. He set his sights for California, and this was grim determination.

Don't laugh yet, folks. Laughing at this point would be a bit premature, as you shall see soon as you read on.

For our prodigal son actually made St. Louis, Missouri.

Hitch-hiking? No, not for him the vicissitudes of the road with uncertainty of lifts and certainty of being spotted by police along the way as a runaway.

For him, speed and comfort, and safety from detection, courtesy of the Greyhound Bus Lines. Courtesy of Greyhound Bus Lines is correct.

Being an ordinary boy, he had not foreseen in advance the emergency that would require, for him, the outlay of a huge sum of money. This he lacked.

Being an out-of-the-ordinary boy he solved this lack of money very neatly.

Boldly he approached Greyhound personnel with a heart-wringing story of having lost his ticket to St. Louis and apparently in no time had a "duplicate" issued to him and,

Presto! He was in St. Louis.

He tried the same tactics in St. Louis to continue the trip farther west. There an unimpressed Greyhound official asked questions. Unwarily the boy answered them all straightforwardly and truthfully.

Result: A check back home and the return of a crestfallen youth who, how-

ever, became the cynosure of all eyes as he told tales of high adventure out where the West begins.

* * *

More has been written in the daily newspapers in Pittsburgh in the case of Jack Enyeart whom we reported as having been injured in an auto accident on January 20, 1961. This article was published in the second of the two dailies in Pittsburgh and was written by Nicholas Knezevich.

An interesting point made in this article was that there have been only four cases of heart stoppage in McKeesport Hospital, where Jack's heart flickered out on the emergency examining table. Although in all four cases the heart was massaged back to action, only Mr. Enyeart managed to survive.

Doctors say Jack should be well enough to return to work around the first part of April.

We suspect that the writer of the latest article on Jack has some acquaintance with the deaf and that he allowed his enthusiasm to run away with him. For, under the subheading of "Happy Atmosphere" he writes:

"The family lives at 757 Memory Lane, reading each other's lips and writing notes."

We have our doubts about the correctness of the above statement as it pertains to their communication between themselves. Both Jack and his wife, Bernice, are confirmed "manualists." This writer taught them both way back when . . . We believe Mr. Knezevich intended to say that the deaf couple read the lips of their son, Clifford, 7, rather than each other's. And we are positive the couple deserted the note-writing stage upon their marriage years ago.

* * *

On one of our now rare ambulations around town, we spied two doors side by side as we climbed a flight of stairs. One had "Men" tacked over it. This door was securely closed. The other door was reserved for "Gentlemen."

We do not guarantee that the room for "Men" was precisely what you think it was since that door never opened during our passage.

The other door, slightly ajar, permitted a limited view of the space behind it, and aroused our curiosity. We peeped in, wondering what luxuries might be reserved for "Gentlemen" and denied the ordinary man. One would never guess what we learned. This door opened on the repository for janitor's tools-and-supplies-of-trade.

* * *

About the first page of his daily newspaper—and probably the only one—the sports enthusiast scans when he gets at his paper is the sports page.

He will carefully study accounts of games of special interest to him. He will scan the headlines for results of

other major games. On games farther away from home, on which there is only fragmentary coverage, the newspaper may report only the scores in column form.

In this country, names of winning teams, with their scores, are placed on the left side of the column. Unless the game is reported on elsewhere in the sports pages, no other information can be gleaned from these scores except that one team came out on top or the game was tied.

As an illustration, a recent score ran: Colorado 52, Oklahoma 45. Being ourselves originally from Colorado, we would have liked to know whether the Indians were scalped on their Southern home grounds or whether they submitted farther north in the shadow of the Rockies.

Readers will be interested to know that their British counterpart glean one item more from their published scores.

There seems to be in this country a growing interest in sports events in the British Isles, as indicated by American dailies publishing scores distributed by the Associated Press and possibly other news wire services.

A footnote to the scores from Britain reminds readers that the home team is listed first, so our British brothers in glancing down the score column know WHERE the game was played, as well as the RESULT of the game.

This is a practice worthy of adoption in our country and under the British method additional information is gained and an extra topic for conversation is furnished the reader.

* * *

Sign seen in a cemetery, facing a highway near Cleveland, Ohio:

"Drive safely. We can wait."

* * *

In the February, 1961 issue of THE SILENT WORKER a little typographical error inadvertently crept into our column which entirely changed the intent of a footnote.

We have made it an unalterable practice to acknowledge contributions to this column—(1) it is due the contributor and (2) it may encourage future contributions.

In acknowledging the contribution of the article on the Chinese girl, Miss Eileen Gay, who was purchased by two English missionary sisters, we wrote:

"Thanks, Harry. Incidentally, there's an 'I' in OUR name."

The machine operator who set the line may have assumed our typewriter was remiss in its spelling and wished to give us an assist. He, therefore, added a "y" before "OUR" and had us telling Harry (Belsky) there was an 'I' in HIS name, of which we are sure Harry is well aware.

The message we wish to convey to Harry was that there is an 'I' in OUR, the writer's name.

We offer an "A" for effort to the machine man involved but please, in the future, let our typewriter take the consequence of its own faulty spelling. We have caught it lapsing now and then, and it always "promises to do better."



Humor Among the Deaf

By Toivo Lindholm

4816 Beatty Drive, Riverside, California

"Highlight" Magazine in a recent Los Angeles Sunday Examiner carried "Anatomy of Humor" by Robert Epstein. He tried to explain what constitutes humor. I shan't bore you, but if you know or hear or read of something about the deaf that's incongruous, exaggerated, understated, ambiguous, even true—preferably something that'd tickle our funny bone, send it in. We wanna laff! Even at ourselves! Wasn't it Mark Twain, translating a line of German, who wrote: "Throw the cow over the fence some hay?" We loved Will Rogers for his spirit of levity—even in troubled times. Be a little Will Rogers and send in your story—for the hilarity of our kind, and others.

* * *

Somebody at the NAD office sent this in:

Little Jim: "Why do you pray so loud for things you want? God is not deaf?"

Little Dick: "No, but Grandpa is."

—OAD News

(We are praying LOUD for your story. Do you hear us, Grandpa?)

* * *

In a local paper there was an item saying "Even income tax time has moments of humor." Part of it ran this wise:

... There was this telephone exchange:

Taxpayer: "Is a hearing aid deductible?"

Agent: "Yes, it may be deducted as a medical expense."

Taxpayer: "What's that you say? I can't hear you." (Don't tell me you can't hear me, Grandpa!)

* * *

Guess you've seen this in the *Reader's Digest*:

Dad, who had not been on speaking terms with my mother for several days, left this note for her on the night table: "Mother, get me up at 7 a. m.—Dad."

Mother, responding with inspiration, wrote: "Dad, it's 7 a. m. Get up—Mother."

* * *

The Indiana Hoosier has the following under its banner: "There's a language that is Mute; a silence that Speaks."

* * *

A welcome letter came from the professor who gave this conductor a merry chase as to his identity, a few months back. Remember? The professor sends items he finds in papers we never see. Two from the Detroit Hearing News:

NO JOBS AVAILABLE
FOR L-Rs

In South America, the Karaya Indians of the Amazon Valley speak without moving their lips. They are a whole tribe of ventriloquists. Friendly Little Free Press.

(But, quoth the professor, there's still hope for the lipreader. Ventriloquists DO move their lips, perhaps more so than a great many people who manage to speak without much lip motion.)

* * *

Another from the professor, taken from *The Reader's Digest*:

A small Russian boy was asked by his teacher, "What is the size of the Communist Party?"

"About five feet two inches," he promptly replied.

"Idiot!" exploded the teacher. "I mean how many members does it have? How do you get five feet two inches?"

"Well," replied the boy, "my father is six feet tall and every night he puts his hand to his chin and says, 'I've had the Communist Party, up to here!'" —1000 Jokes Magazine.

* * *

Recently there appeared in "Parade," I think, a story wherein a reporter handed to the editor of a certain newspaper copy stating that a neighboring farmer had lost "two thousand thirty-two pigs" in a storm. The skeptical editor phoned the farmer to ask if that was so. The lipping farmer replied, "Yeth, that'th tho." The editor, thanking the farmer, changed the copy to read "two sows and thirty-two pigs."

There must be hundreds of stories along this misinterpretation line. If you, reader, know any, send them along

I have a few in my scrapbook—one:

An elated group of boys from a school for the deaf in New York City were boarding a street car for home from Fanwood, which they had just defeated in a football game.

One of the boys, full of the thrill of victory, was detailing to the conductor the winning touchdown, the result of a brilliantly-executed forward pass. The conductor asked the boy a question which the boy thought he understood. He said, "Yes, a forward pass."

The conductor took out his pass pad, counted out "forty passes," tore them off, and handed them to the befuddled boy.—Chester Dobson (1939)

* * *

Here is an amusing incident which illustrates the embarrassments attendant upon semi-deafness, and which has been widely circulated. A dinner was given by a New Haven, Massachusetts, dowager, who seemingly lacked a bit of tact, for she seated a gay young debutante next to an aged and somewhat deaf Yale professor. Naturally the girl found that worthy rather unresponsive.

She strove for an opening which would break the "ice." Noticing a dish of fruit nearby, she asked the professor if he liked bananas. The elderly

man did not reply. She repeated the question a little louder, and in desperation once again still louder, attracting the attention of the whole table. Embarrassed, the learned man turned upon her with a disapproving look and remarked in a clear voice:

"My dear young woman, I had hoped that I had misunderstood your question, but, since you persist, I must say that I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt. I detest pajamas!"—Arthur G. Leisman (1940)

* * *

One day he and I were passing the time of day.

"What are your plans for the summer?" I wanted to know, proceeding to concentrate on his lips for the reply.

As usual, it was no use. My cousin launched forth at his usual rapid fire clip. With a resigned sigh, I nodded my head mechanically at intervals, assuming a pseudo-intelligent look. And then, as he finished, the miracle happened. Or so I thought.

But, had I really understood him? My cousin isn't the sort to indulge in such expletives. Yet, what else could it be?

After a long, strained silence, I mustered courage. "Who," I inquired, "are you calling a so-and-so?"

He stared aghast. He grew red in the face.

"No! No! No!" he groaned. "Nobody's a so-and-so."

He took a pencil and paper and wrote: "I'm just inviting you down to our new summer place at Silver Beach!"—Walter Regan. The Washington Post (1940)—Sent in by Harold Domich that year.



Fore!



Woman Talk



By EDNA H. BAYNES

May 5, 1961

Dear Seniors, everywhere,
In just a few short weeks, annuals will begin popping out all over, and those whom you'll be leaving behind you at school will be bidding you a fond farewell as you leave to carve your own niche in this problem-filled world of ours.

We would like to repeat a recent editorial from our school paper since it applies to all seniors of all schools:

"We have confidence in you but are reluctant to let you go. No real family could have more regrets over the breaking of ties than we have. We have fought your battles, helped you solve your problems, taught you what we felt you needed to know, loved you at all times, even when you were rebellious, and punished you when you needed it. We've tried to put a foundation under you that will keep you steady and happy for the rest of your lives.

"We would like to repeat words of wisdom written for you by youthful Pat Boone, whom most of you admire. (We wrote for and received permission from *The Ladies' Home Journal* to quote him.)

"The Bible says that the LOVE of money is the root of all evil. It does not say that MONEY is the root of all evil. If you will look around at the results of greed and selfishness—you will agree that it is not a good idea to LOVE money. But it is a good idea to understand how to make it and to manage it wisely so that we need not face the lack of it. If you aren't making enough, find out where you can be of service to someone, do it to the best of your ability—and accept your pay as a symbol of gratitude instead of thinking of it as your due. The philosopher, Thoreau said: "Almost any man knows how to earn money, but not one in a million knows how to spend it." You'll get ahead if you start developing some controls and disciplines on spending NOW."

"A young girl wrote to Pat Boone for advice. Her letter, in part, says: 'I am old enough now to smoke and have wine with my dinner or a beer on a date. I don't see what's wrong with that. Why should adults object? How do they expect us to learn if we never get any experience. What's wrong with a little experimenting anyhow?'

"Pat Boone, with wisdom far beyond his years answers: 'Well now, you sure can ask some dillies. First of all let me throw this at ya:

"Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays:

It rained Willie seven days!

"As a normal, healthy young person, you're bound to put your finger in the 'wet paint' once in a while—just to see if it's really wet. But I'd recommend three rules to adhere to:

"Rule One: Recognize dynamite (anything that will hurt you) and stand clear. Alcohol is one experiment that is dynamite and too hot to handle.

"Rule Two: Inexperience should listen to experience. It's a good thing to listen to those who have walked that way before. If someone got burned, they may be able to save you some blisters. Folks like you well enough to expose their own failures to save you pain.

"Rule Three: Experiments are habit-forming. All your life you're weaving a web of habits—both good and bad—by the experiences you choose and the experiments you repeat. And in the end they'll govern your future life. Dostoevski said, 'It seems, in fact, as though the second half of a man's life is made up of nothing but the habits he has accumulated during the first half.' If you've developed a personal habit that's not good for you—don't wait! Drop it right now! Choose the ones that are desirable instead. Everybody wants to be honest and truthful, and no one wants to lie, cheat, and steal. He who permits himself to tell a lie once finds it easier to do it a second and a third time, till at length it becomes habitual.

"When graduation day does come and you leave us, take with you and always try to keep a merry heart, for to quote that wise young man, Pat Boone, again—'who wants to have a million habitual virtues and still be so disagreeable that even his own shadow won't keep him company?'

"Carry gratitude in your heart 365 days in the year and keep all of the good habits this school helped you form.

"May the roads rise with you,
And the wind be always at your back

And may the Lord hold you in
the hollow of his hand."

With sincere good wishes,

—Edna H. Baynes

Minnesota Association to Meet In Duluth, August 11-12-13

The 34th Convention of the Minnesota Association of the Deaf will be held in Duluth, August 11-12-13, 1961. Hotel Duluth will be convention headquarters.

Committee chairmen are Waino Ranta, Nilo Ruotsi, and Francis Crowe. Lending assistance are Raymond Hastings, Gerald Gruwell, Waino Norman, Rudy Kurtovich, John Donfris, and Edward McCuskey. A number of others will also serve.

Friday, August 11, will be given over to registration, and in the late afternoon there will be a boatride around Point Park in the Duluth-Superior harbor on the S. S. Flame, a new excursion yacht. Foreign ships will be

seen in the harbor, along with the world's largest ore docks. Friday evening a reception has been scheduled.

Business meetings will be held all day Saturday, August 12. In the evening there will be a banquet and floor show, the latter under the direction of Charles Vadnais and Willis Sweezo.

Fairmount Park will be the scene of the convention picnic on Sunday, August 13.

For further information, see the NAD advertisement in the June issue of *THE SILENT WORKER*.

Vice President Johnson To Speak At Gallaudet

The Vice President of the United States, the Hon. Lyndon B. Johnson, will be the speaker at the 97th commencement of Gallaudet College on Monday morning, May 29, at 10:30. He will also receive an honorary doctor of laws degree.

Dr. Theodore H. Palmquist, minister of the Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., will deliver the baccalaureate sermon to the 1961 Gallaudet graduates on Sunday evening, May 28, at 8 p. m.

The college has a tentative list of 78 candidates for degrees, and plans to confer four associate, 41 bachelors, and 30 masters degrees, and three honorary doctorates. In addition, a student from Taiwan will receive a graduate diploma. Six deaf students who are natives of other countries will receive degrees: one from Canada, two from England, one from Korea, and two from Latvia.

The college has, this year, its largest number of prospective candidates for the master of science in education degree—thirty as compared with twenty in 1960.

Receiving honorary degrees in addition to Vice President Johnson will be Anthony A. Hajna of Indianapolis, Indiana, and Dr. Sol Richard Silverman of St. Louis, Missouri. They will be awarded doctor of letters degrees.

Mr. Hajna is bacteriologist in charge, Enteric Bacteriology Section, Microbiology Division, Bureau of Laboratories, State Board of Health, Indianapolis. He previously served as a bacteriologist with the Maryland State Board of Health.

Mr. Hajna, whose achievements in his work have gained him recognition, received a bachelor of science degree at Gallaudet College in 1930, and a master of science degree in hygiene at the Johns Hopkins University in 1932.

Dr. Silverman is director of the Central Institute for the Deaf, St. Louis, Missouri, and is well known in this country and abroad as an educator, researcher, speaker, and writer in the field of the deaf.

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**2495 SHATTUCK AVENUE
BERKELEY 4, CALIFORNIA**

Son of Deaf Parents Shows Pluck Despite His Painful Burns in Accident

By Robert M. Andrews

(This story appeared in a Richmond newspaper a little over a year ago, and we think it is still worth printing.—Ed.)

A slight, red-haired boy of 6, wrapped in a blanket, walked into the emergency room of Medical College of Virginia Hospital a month ago. He bit his lip because the blanket covered raw third-degree burns on his chest.

Elmore Whitehurst had no time for tears. Behind him was his father, frantic in his agonized silence, who could only shrug his shoulders at the clerk's urgent questions.

"My daddy is deaf," explained Elmore. Then while doctors hastily began treating his wounds, the boy sat calmly supplying names, addresses, phone numbers, and the details of the accident.

Meanwhile, his brother Bryan, 13, phoned periodically from the Whitehurst home in Henrico to ask about Elmore. Bryan was relaying questions from his mother, who is also deaf.

In a crisis, the boys had come through with manly self-assurance. It's a stiff-lipped pluckiness that seems oddly old-fashioned in children.

Elmore is coming along nicely, his doctor says, and should be able to leave the MCV burn ward in about two weeks.

Then he will return home to help Bryan with a very special job—acting as the ears and voices of their parents.

Robert B. Whitehurst has been almost totally deaf since childhood. His wife has never heard a sound. Both can talk, but in a monotonous tone few but their sons can understand.

Bryan, the older boy, learned sign language from them about the same time he was learning to walk. When he was six, he in turn taught Elmore. "Elmore got it faster, but I learned the hard way," said Bryan.

The Whitehurst home at 2118 Shirley Avenue in Montrose Heights is a happy one, with duties for everyone.

Elmore and Bryan answer the phone when it rings and open the door for visitors who knock. ("If we're gone," says Elmore, "my dog, Frisky, goes to the door and barks so they can see him. He never shows his teeth any other time.") The boys bring in the laundry and close the windows when it starts to rain.

Both parents work, he in the shipping department of a local tobacco factory and in The Times-Dispatch mailing room on weekend nights; she as a garment cleaner at a clothing firm.

At home, Bryan is "chief lieutenant," and Elmore is "chief corporal."

The boys attend Sunday school at nearby Calvary Methodist Church each week, while their parents go to

special services for the deaf at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Bryan is a Boy Scout and is den chief of Elmore's Cub Scout den.

Most other activities are a family affair. Once in a while they all drive out to an outdoor theater for a movie. Bryan sits next to the window "for a good angle to tell them what the actors are saying."

They eat out as an occasional treat for Mom; and they look forward to weekly evenings at the Richmond Club for the Deaf at 211 West Broad Street.

The night Elmore was burned was a typical Whitehurst night at home. Elmore was standing on a drawer of the electric stove in the kitchen, watching a pan of butter melting for popcorn, when his loose shirttail fell on the heating coil and caught fire.

Elmore says he likes hospitals, most of all the nurses. Someone wrote "Elmore Loves Nurses" across one of his bandages. "I don't mind," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "There's nothing wrong with girls. They're almost the same as boys except they've got longer hair and softer skin."

Known As "Squealy"

He's known as "Squealy" in the ward. "If you were here early this morning when they changed my bandage, you'd find out why I squeal. You can hear me all over the place. I can kick, too."

During a family visit to the hospital the other night, Mrs. Whitehurst, with Bryan's help, said "It doesn't seem like home without Elmore." Bryan said people phone to ask about him, and the kids at school say they miss him.

"Frisky misses him, too," he said. "Now and then he lays down and whines a little while."

At that point in the conversation, the little boy who didn't cry in the emergency room grabbed the pillow case and rubbed his eyes. "I want to see Frisky," he murmured.

This story along with the picture of the Robert B. Whitehurst family was printed on the outstanding front page of the February 7 issue of the

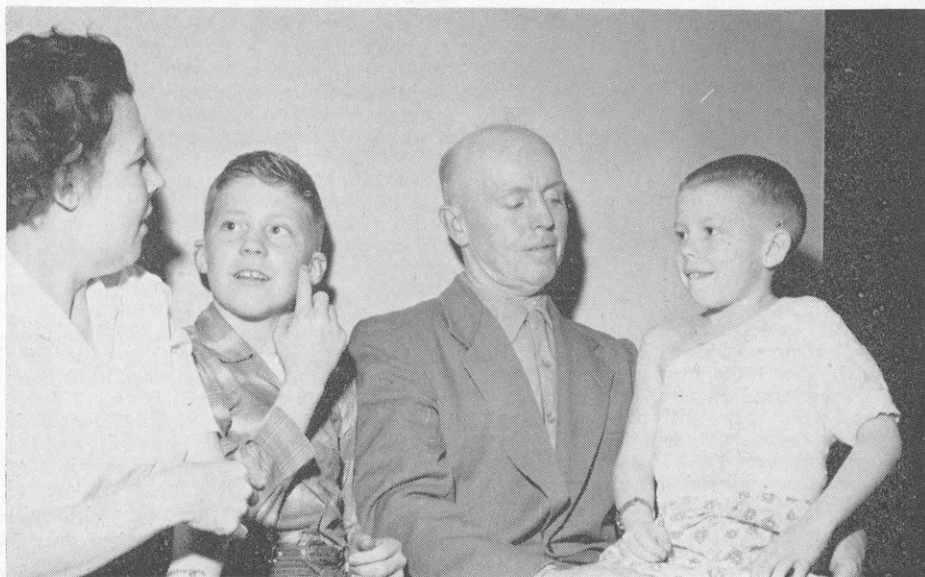
Richmond Times-Dispatch, one of Virginia's leading newspapers. It is natural to presume that this narration will be of great interest to numerous readers of THE SILENT WORKER for many of you are the parents of "nymphs of the perambulators." Nearly all of us possess ardor and warmth and are endowed with deep emotional reaction toward children.

Thumbnail biography: Mr. and Mrs. Whitehurst are products of the North Carolina School for the Deaf, Morganton, North Carolina. Robert was graduated in 1934, was reared in Bethel, North Carolina, and was also a star athlete for his school, Mrs. Whitehurst, nee Miss Mary Cox, was a resident of Asheboro, North Carolina.

The discernible line, "They're almost the same as boys except they've got longer hair and softer skin," suggested by Elmore, in his consideration relative to the girls, bears resemblance rather than actual likeness to the line, "The skin I love to touch," written by William Shakespeare who had an insight into the mainsprings of human action, and a nature capable of every mood, from the deepest compassion to the most hilarious and unrestrained mirth.

The writer, Robert M. Andrews, deserves a wreath of verbal posies for writing the excellent descriptive story of Elmore Whitehurst. He stated that he particularly found the Whitehursts an inspiring and exemplary family who have overcome their difficulties through love and understanding. "The hospitalized boy Elmore was to me an unusually bright and perceptive child whose life was a happy one after his adjustment to his parents' condition," Mr. Andrews concluded.

With Mr. Andrews' permission we are reprinting the article and picture which appeared in the Richmond Times-Dispatch:



The Whitehursts and son, Bryan, pay Elmore a visit in the burn ward of Medical College of Virginia Hospital.



Geraldine Fail

Swinging 'round the nation



Harriett B. Votaw

The News Editor is Mrs. Geraldine Fail, 851 West 19th Street, Long Beach 6, California.

Assistant News Editor is Mrs. Harriett B. Votaw, 2778 South Xavier Street, Denver 19, Colorado.

Correspondents should send their news to the Assistant News Editor serving their states.

Information about births, deaths, marriages, engagements, and social activities should be mailed to the Editor.

DEADLINE FOR NEWS IS THE
15th OF EACH MONTH

NEW JERSEY . . .

Mr. and Mrs. William Hillard of San Mateo, California, left on a trip around the world March 15 and are due to arrive in New York City in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Curry have returned home to Teaneck, New Jersey, following a pleasant vacation down at Miami Beach, Florida. While there they met the Ben DeCastros, the Henry Peterses, the Harry Bankses, the Morris Kramers, the Daniel Lazaruses, and John Haggerty, Sam Goldberg, and Randy McClelland.

CALIFORNIA . . .

The destroyer Benner came into the port of Long Beach early in April, returning from a tour of duty in the Western Pacific. Men of the Benner brought home unique souvenirs—paper cranes, good-wish symbols presented by the children of a school for the deaf at Sasebo, Japan. While the Benner was in port, the men learned that the school needed repairs. They not only painted the buildings but provided the paint and brushes as well.

Maud and Angelo Skropeta left Los Angeles March 24 for New Orleans and other points as well as the AAAD Tournament in Little Rock. They returned west in mid-April and are now busily engaged in landscaping the yard of the new home they bought in February. The trip was pleasant, but Maud, like everyone else, complained of the time it took to drive across Texas, and her cards to us enroute seemed to hold us personally responsible. Verily, us native Texans have to take a lot!

California friends of Alex Fleischman send hearty congratulations on his election as president of the AAAD, and with the 1962 tourney slated for Denver we predict that more people from out this way will put in an appearance there. Meanwhile, Lillian Skinner and her 1963 AAAD tourney committee are working hard on plans for the big meet out here in Hollywood two years hence.

Oakland's Harry Jacobs took in the Little Rock tournament and then took

off for Cleveland. The marriage of Harry and Josephine Lipuma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lipuma of Cleveland, took place on Saturday, April 8, at the Christ Lutheran Church in Cleveland. A lovely reception was held in the Continental Ballroom at 13929 Euclid Avenue immediately following the ceremony after which Harry and his lovely bride departed on a honeymoon trip back to California, pausing enroute to pick up a brand new Oldsmobile. As of April 23, the newlyweds are at home at 6564-A Lucas Avenue, Oakland, California. Blessings and best wishes to Harry and Josephine from all of us.

The East Bay Club of Oakland was host to board members of the California Association of the Deaf on Saturday, April 8, in Oakland. Board members attending the meeting that afternoon were Herb Schreiber of Los Angeles, Geraldine Fail of Long Beach, Ray Stallo of Colton, Toivo Lindholm of Riverside, and Dr. and Mrs. Byron B. Burnes and Hal Ramger of Oakland. Willa Dudley of Los Angeles, president of the Home for the Aged Deaf, also flew up to take in the meeting as did Emmette Simpson of Napa. Hal and Catherine Ramger entertained them all at a luncheon earlier in the day at their lovely new home on Ruthland Road, and Hal also cooked breakfast for another bunch Sunday morning and then took them to visit the school for the deaf in Berkeley. Highlight of the meeting on Saturday afternoon was the report of Mr. Wildmon and Mr. Hishew of San Jose in which they outlined plans for the 1962 CAD Convention. The San Jose people are working hard, and here's hoping all of you Californians make plans to meet in San Jose in '62.

March 25 was a big night for members of the Long Beach Club when the organization celebrated another anniversary with a banquet attended by around 70 members at the Club Norman, 10327 Long Beach Boulevard, Lynwood. Marcus and Evelyn Tibbetts played hosts for the proprietors, Norman and Verna Koobs. Norman, incidentally, is near-blind, and his failing eyesight so handicaps him that he feels drawn toward the deaf. The Club Norman is a lovely place to dine and has, as a result of the March 25 banquet, become a favorite gathering place for many of us. The Tibbettses, long-time friends of Norman and Verna Koobs, inform us that the Club Norman is available to us at any time we need a place to hold a banquet. Speaking of Marcus Tibbetts, he is now the proud grandfather of two more granddaughters in addition to his four other grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Viril Massey entertained Mrs. Millard Ash on Sunday afternoon, with a surprise party honoring Mr. and March 12. Gathering took place at Viril and Kathleen's lovely new home in nearby Lakewood in honor of Millard and Evelyn's 15th wedding anniversary, and dozens of good friends gathered there that afternoon to shower the couple with gifts and good wishes and partake of a delicious dinner prepared by the Masseys.

Mrs. Gage Hinman of Oakland, whose husband passed away in January, flew down to Los Angeles to spend the Easter holidays with good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howell Stottler and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Egger. Mrs. Hinman is still undecided as to her future plans, but friends are hoping she will consider moving back to Los Angeles, her former hometown.

The Everett Rattans planned to go on to visit Mrs. Rattan's relatives in Indiana returning home to Los Angeles around the end of April after taking in the AAAD Nationals.

Amongst those making the trip to Little Rock and the AAAD tournament from this locality were Tom Elliott, Lucy Sigman, and Herman Skeds-mo. Lucy took time out to visit family and friends before planing back west.

Ronald Crippen and Wilma Owen of Lakewood have announced their engagement, and a June wedding is in the offing. Wilma is wearing a beautiful diamond and happily making plans to move into the home Ronald bought for her in Lakewood as soon as they return from their honeymoon. Maydeen Phillips and James Garrison of Los Angeles are also announcing plans for a June wedding and Maydeen's diamond is the envy of all her friends. Our congratulations to both happy couples.

Mrs. Frank Egger of Los Angeles sends us the following item: Northrop Aircraft is studying the Laminar Flow Control on wings, and wind tunnel test runs of the wings must be made in the wind tunnel before the final aerodynamic lines can be released. The best wind tunnel is at Cornell Aero Laboratory in Buffalo, New York, so Northrop Aircraft arranged to send eleven men to Buffalo for three weeks to make test runs, and amongst them was Roger Skinner of Los Angeles. Roger is a computer programmer working on that project on IBM computer 704. The group left Los Angeles by jet February 21, returning March 12, and Roger was able to spend a two-day stopover in Kansas City, Missouri, to visit his parents on the return trip. At Buffalo, the folks at the Cornell Aero Laboratory were astonished that Northrop had sent a deaf man as a computer programmer, but Roger did his job well and was accepted on equal terms with the others. During off-duty hours he visited the Buffalo Club for the Deaf and received a warm and friendly welcome from the folks there. Numerous friends, among them Mr. and Mrs. Heacock and Mr. and Mrs. Stan Sadowski, made his stay a very pleasant one by inviting him to dinner, basketball games, and bowling tournaments. Roger is now back home with his little family and very glad to be back in the sunshine.

after the rain, snow, and bitter cold of Buffalo.

Mary Ann Fugler has been taking therapy treatments at St. Vincent's Hospital three times a week as a result of a "whip-lash" injury to her neck suffered in a recent auto accident. Although her neck is still a bit stiff, she is recovering nicely.

Patricia Luna invited a group of friends to dinner in the Ivanhoe Room at the Long Beach Lafayette Hotel the evening of Saturday, April 15, to surprise husband Frank on his 35th birthday. Dining on the famous Ivanhoe steaks and making merry in the Gaslight Room afterward were Frank and Pat, Hope Beasley, Ivan Nunn, Mercedes and William Kiniski and John and Jerry Fail. Hope and Mercedes are Frank's sisters. Frank, completely unabashed at the mounting years, greatly enjoyed the surprise and the tour through the Ivanhoe Room's catacombs, very dark and eerie.

NEBRASKA . . .

Mrs. Rudolph Haefner, the former Glenda Cooper, was the surprised guest of honor at a recent baby shower at the home of Mrs. Viola O'Connor of Topeka, Kansas. She was especially surprised because eight of the senior girls, her former classmates at the Kansas School for the Deaf at Olathe, attended the party, accompanied by the parents of one of the girls. Glenda received many beautiful gifts from the nearly 30 ladies attending the party, and the husbands who showed up had a good time playing cards in the basement.

Mrs. Mathias Seivert (Sophia), a sister of Mrs. Stacia Cody, wrote that she made two pretty quilts from scraps of material sent to her by Mrs. Irene Leavitt and that she had been very happy to receive the material. Her husband is not in very good health, having suffered a slight stroke not long ago but is able to walk around some. If you have scraps of material suitable for quilts you want to donate, send them to her at Route 1, Ashton, Iowa.

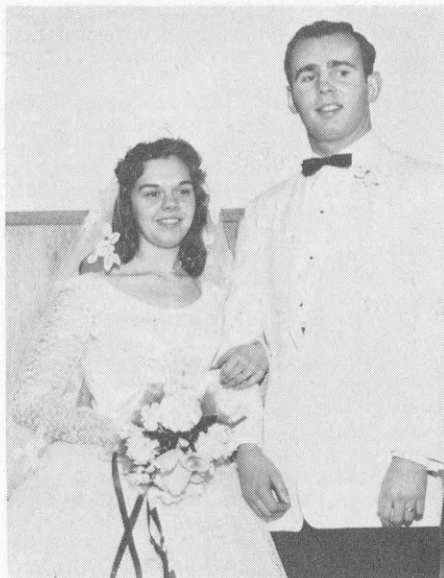
Otto and Lillian Gross are in the midst of a remodeling job on their home with the help of Delbert Boese. From the general looks of the start and knowing what good carpenters the two are, we can expect a real nice job to come from it.

Mrs. Pat Boese of Lincoln was the guest of honor at a surprise baby shower at the school for the deaf in Omaha on March 11. Thirty-four guests were present. Pat has been having more than her share of parties because she was hostess to the Ladies Nite Out group on March 10, and on March 12 she was again hostess to the Birthday Club group. The Birthday Club honored Dorothy Hunt who received some linen.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Searles were in Omaha for a visit early in March. They live in Kansas City, Kansas.

We were sorry to hear that Mrs. Edith Osmun had a fall from a street curb and suffered a bruised knee on March 11.

On March 10, Ron and Dot Hunt and Rory Lynn drove to Holbrook to visit Ron's folks who were surprised and



Mr. and Mrs. Neal Amundsen (Ann Marie Homenyk) are shown at the time of their wedding February 11 in the Fairchild Nazarene Church at Eugene, Oregon. Bridesmaids were Vicki Sue Hughson of Albany, Meredith Beymer of Eugene, and Charlotte Towell of Newberg. Richard Amundsen of La Puente, California, was his brother's best man, and ushers were Dwight Mackey of Seattle, Fred Markworth of Venice, California, and James Gordon of Eugene. The young couple will make their home in Eugene upon their return from a honeymoon trip to Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento, California. The bridegroom is completing a course of training in linotype and printing at Clark Junior College in Vancouver, Washington, and the bride is employed in Eugene at Erb Student Union Building.

happy to see them. They went to Bartley, Nebraska, to see the new oil fields. On March 11, on their way home, they stopped to visit the Jack Caffertys of Hastings and found them doing fine except for Bonnie having bronchitis. A few minutes after the Hunts arrived home at 7 p. m., about 20 of their friends dropped in to surprise them with a 10th wedding anniversary party. The Hunts received a nice electric coffee maker which they find very useful. Their son Rory started walking shortly after he was 11 months old.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sipp attended the wedding of a niece of Charlotte at Council Bluffs on February 11. Linda Sipp was a flower girl at the wedding.

Ray Morin had the misfortune to break his index finger while working on a fence-building job at Wellington, Kansas, on January 25 and was unable to return to work for a month. He managed to do some decorating work on their apartment while he was at home. The Morin's son, Raymond Keith, 14 months old, was baptized at St. John's Church in Lincoln on March 5.

On March 15, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Sabin, Mrs. Stacia Cody, and Mrs. John Burlew visited Mrs. Emma Mappes of Omaha at the home of Emma's father in Lincoln. Emma's sister Margaret had

just returned home from the hospital where she had undergone surgery.

The Roy Hollands of Tomah, Wisconsin, want their Nebraska friends to know they are still alive and hope to make a visit in Lincoln this coming summer.

Richard Tager made the mistake of walking into a mirror at Cooper's Cafe and got a good bump on his forehead. Luckily he didn't break the mirror, but we understand he made a real fast exit after it happened.

Mary Sabin was honored with a little surprise at the LSC meeting—a birthday cake and a small gift in honor of her birthday on March 18 which was also the wedding anniversary of the Ron Hunts. Her age is a real well-kept secret as far as we are concerned. Coincidentally, the Hunts and Sabins shared another anniversary in January when the Sabins' wedding anniversary and Rory Lynn Hunt's first birthday came on the same day.

Mrs. Fred Brown of Sheridan, Wyoming, is hobbling around on crutches now from the broken leg or hip she suffered some time ago.

Mrs. Thelma Mayes Pehlgrim of Oakland, California, has been working part time when she can because she likes a little extra pin money. She has also made several trips to Norden, California, where a friend has a cabin, and she has been learning to ski. The Hitshews were the guests of the Pehlgims during the FWAAD basketball tournament early in March.

We hope Leonard Eggleston who underwent an appendectomy and Everett Degenhardt who was in the same hospital in Omaha for the treatment of some illness at the same time are both well on the way to recovery now.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Smith and two sons drove to Crete on March 12 to help celebrate the 20th wedding anniversary of Elsie's sister, Mrs. Wm. Andelt.

Glenn Ogiers of Wakefield, Nebraska, is in the midst of a busy season in the mink business—breeding time.

The Berton Leavitts signed a contract for their new home on Irene's birthday. It's going to be the biggest birthday gift she'll ever get. Irene's dad was their guest for a week from March 5-12, and the Leavitts encountered terrible weather on both dates taking him to and from Hebron.

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Ruth Falk and Hans Neujahr of Omaha whose sister Mrs. Hedwig Garrod died on February 24.

Mrs. Eugene Cook of Gretna had an apparently minor operation on February 10 from which she has recovered satisfactorily.

We understand that George Propp and his youngest brother of Omaha were in Scottsbluff in January to help his parents celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary.

NEW ENGLAND . . .

It won't be long until Austine's long-awaited 25th anniversary reunion. Present plans include registration at 10:00 a. m. Saturday morning, June 17; a tour of the school buildings at 2:30 p. m.; refreshments at 3:30 p. m.; a roast-beef supper at six o'clock to be

followed by several speakers; and then the dance at 8:00 p. m. The Corvets, a three-piece orchestra from Quincy, Massachusetts, will play. They are boys in their teens and two of them are sons of deaf parents. The film "Johnny Belinda" will be shown Sunday morning at 10:30.

Recent visitors in Concord, New Hampshire, were Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Lumbr and Ralph Baird, Jr., of Keene, New Hampshire. They were on their way to Rochester to participate in a bowling meet.

Among those from New Hampshire attending the bowling tournament in Providence, Rhode Island, April 22, were Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Sherman from Manchester, New Hampshire, and Perley Boyea from Keene.

We will be looking forward to seeing you all at Austine June 17-18. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Miss O'Neal and a few others will be returning that weekend. Tell your friends and bring them.

KANSAS . . .

It is always a happy occasion whenever a family gathers at a reunion. Not many families get to enjoy such reunions when one or two members of each family are unable to be at the reunion. This year the Adams family, of which Mrs. Stanley Dibble, Wichita, is one of the daughters, had a wonderful time visiting with each sister or brother at Latham on February 19. Mrs. Dibble enjoyed the visit of her

sister, Mrs. Fern Dean of Avon, Illinois, February 24-25. Her brother, Harry Adams, and wife were with the Dibbles on February 26-27.

The Wichita deaf residents were sorry to hear of a car accident which took the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Shy, former Wichitans, on March 4, near Joplin, Missouri. Mrs. Shy was killed outright, and Mr. Shy died in a Joplin hospital two days after his wife. Their car crashed into a piledriver. Part of the road was closed for repairs, and the car had passed two detour signs. Their survivors are their one daughter, Mettie Shy, and several relatives living in the Coffeville area. The Shys moved to Coffeville from Wichita last fall.

Word has been received that Caroline Jespersen, Lawrence, is critically ill with heart trouble and asthma in a Lawrence hospital. She suffered a stroke which left her in a coma going into the 17th day. She had retired from work two weeks earlier. We hope she is recovering nicely now.

Recent hospital patients at Wichita: Mrs. Ethel Brown for surgery which kept her there five weeks; Mrs. Archie Grier, four days for treatment of her back; and Bonnie Jennings, 3½-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jennings, for tonsilectomy and removal of adenoids on March 29. All are doing fine at home.

Relatives surprised S. E. Parlett of Kingman on his birthday March 3 by

dropping in with cake and ice cream and having a small party.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Mrs. Fern Foltz on the death of her sister, Mrs. Bernice Gregory, on March 3 and to Mrs. Ethel Brown, Wichita, on the death of her sister, Mrs. Stella Whalen, March 6.

The Wichita Frats Division No. 75, sponsored a St. Patrick's Day party on March 11 at the IOOF hall. There was a good turnout. Most of the visitors participated in games arranged by the committee. Door prizes went to Ray Miller, George Ruby, and Mrs. Raymond Hayes. Out-of-town visitors were the John Floods and Mrs. Bertha Santo, all of Enid, Oklahoma; Wilma Lewis, Francis Mog, both of Olathe; the Lloyd Browns, New Cambria; Alex Benoit, Salina; the Clark Thompsons, Syracuse; Robert Roy, McPherson; Marvin McGlynn, Lyons; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Nanney, the Roy Dillmans, and Mrs. Prudence Pickett, all of Newton.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Thompson and children, Syracuse, and Mrs. Bertha Santo, Enid, enjoyed an overnight stay with the Carl Munz family after the St. Patrick's party in Wichita March 11.

Roy Dillman, Newton, brought his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Thibodeau, and two of her three children to the St. Patrick's party at Wichita March 11. It was a real pleasure for Mrs. Thibodeau, nee Una Dillman, to meet her friends at the party. She was fortunate to ride with her uncle, Charles Morey,

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Worcester, Massachusetts, brother of her mother, Mrs. Dillman, to Newton for a week's visit with her parents and sisters. The Thibodeaus live in Manchester, Connecticut, where he is with Pratt & Whitney. Mr. Morey and Mrs. Dillman had not seen each other for 18 years, so they had a great time together.

Rev. and Mrs. Clyde Barnes of Topeka called on Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rose and the boys for a few minutes March 14. Mrs. Barnes is a sister of Carl. The Barneses were returning home from a Baptist fellowship meeting at Sun City, Kansas.

Mrs. Floyd Ellinger and Misses Doris Heil and Doris Phillips accompanied Wilma Lawson to Medford, Oklahoma, to take in the fun at the St. Patrick's party in the basement of a church on March 18. The party was in charge of Luke Whitworth and Mr. Hoffman. The proceeds went to the program fund of the coming convention of the Oklahoma Association of the Deaf which will meet in July.

You know the old saying about "killing birds with one stone." Mrs. Carl Rose did just that by letting Pauline Conwell have a Tara jewelry party at her home on March 17 and after that a baby shower for Mrs. Burr Mills. Fifteen ladies had the experience of ordering jewelry and giving Mrs. Mills many nice gifts.

Otis Koehn and Billy Basham and co-bowlers of the Williams team, Wichita, tried their luck in the men's state

bowling tourney at Kansas City, Missouri, March 25. They rolled a total of 2599 which failed to get them into the money.

Harold Maisch, Wichita, was treated for a dog bite on his thigh. He was given three shots, but he did not know whether or not the dog was rabid.

Miss Junela Oakley, Tonkawa, Oklahoma, received many nice and useful gifts at a bridal shower at the home of her fiancé, Joedy Coffman, in Wichita, on March 24. Jean Coffman, sister of Joedy, who hostessed the shower, had the help of her younger sisters in serving refreshments. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, parents of the honored guest, and a number of relatives and friends. Deaf friends were Mrs. Fern Foltz, Wilma Lawson, Doris Phillips, and Pauline Conwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Grier spent March 26 with their son, Carl, and his family at Oklahoma City. Carl and family returned the favor by spending the Easter holidays with his parents and took their second oldest child back home with them. The child and her older brother had spent the winter with the grandparents to attend school.

The AAAD basketball tournament at Little Rock on March 29, 30, 31, and April 1 was enjoyed by the following Wichitans: Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Ruge, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Funke, Mrs. Earl Nyquist, Mrs. Clarence Johnson, Miss Carol Hornbaker, and Frankie Lehr, Newton, and Mrs. Lloyd Brown, New Cambria. Mrs.

Ruge was the delegate of the Wichita Association of the Deaf. They reported a very nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ellinger and Roger Falberg, all of Wichita, were at the PTC-A meeting at the school for the deaf, Olathe, March 30. The Ellinger children, Lois and Roger, returned home with their parents for a week's Easter vacation.

Willa Field spent the Easter holidays with her sister, Miriam Field, at Manhattan.

Doris Heil, as the guest of Wilma Lawson, and Wilma visited with the parents of Wilma during Easter.

The Wichita Social Services for the Deaf and the Domestic Study Group of the American Association of University Women cooperated in sponsoring an all-day educational tour April 6 for the deaf teenagers of Sedgwick County. Junior League volunteers and the East Branch of the YMCA also participated. The tour began at 9:15 and ended at 6:00 at television station KTVH after the group had participated in a television program. About 25 aged 14 and over joined the tour. They had an interpreter along.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Ash, Topeka, and Laryl Privat, Melvern, visited the WAD during the Ellinger fund rally on March 25. The Ashes came by for Laryl on the way.

Those at the WAD hall on April 8 were pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Whitlock, Kansas City, Kan-

Twenty-Eighth Triennial

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of the

★ Wisconsin Association ★ of the Deaf

July 20-21-22-23, 1961

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sas. They were on their way to Stamford for the weekend from Augusta where they had attended the funeral of his uncle. Raymond is sporting a white beard, goatee style. He reports his business has picked up considerably.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rose and boys, Wichita, spent April 9 at Milford at the home of her mother, Mrs. Head. Their express purpose was to see her brother, Ronald Head, and wife who are on a 30-day furlough from the Navy. He had been stationed in Hawaii four years, and while there he married a Hawaiian girl whom the Roses and the rest of his family had not met. Ronald, a seaman second class, is being transferred to the San Diego base.

The Wichita Association of the Deaf sponsored a hot ham supper for the benefit of the Ellinger fund on March 25. A sum of over \$60 was realized from the supper and another \$40 from the sale of a beautiful birch coffee table, won by Carl Munz. The table was made by Floyd and George Ellinger who donated it to help with the WAD'S fund-raising program. The Olathe area people have raised about \$300 toward the fund. The fund is about \$900. If you have not donated money to the fund, it is not too late to send in your donation to the Ellinger Fund, Wichita Association of the Deaf, P. O. Box 1276, Wichita, Kansas. We hope to reach our goal of \$1350. Let's help George Ellinger bring home a gold medal from Helsinki, Finland. It will bring honors to Kansas and our alma mater, KSD.

COLORADO . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Kemp, Denver, had as their guest Mrs. Edith Cross of Valier, Montana, for three weeks. Mrs. Cross left March 18 for San Diego. The Kemps also had a close friend, Lilly Mattson, of Helena, Montana, for a week. Miss Mattson is connected with the Health Department of the State of Montana at the capitol in Helena and was sent here to Denver to attend a school on vital statistics. She had Mrs. Melphy, daughter of the James Tuskeys, interpret for her all week at the class.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tuskey had their other daughter, Cecelia, and granddaughter, Myra, of San Francisco visiting them for a week at Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hays of Sun City, Arizona, were called to Loveland, Colorado, for the funeral of his mother who passed away March 15. Mr. Hays is a graduate of the Colorado School, Class of 1912, and since then he has lived in Montana and Seattle. For the last 16 years he had been employed by a Seattle warehouse for the State of Washington until his retirement two years ago. He and his wife purchased a co-operative apartment in Sun City which is reserved for people over 65 years of age. They have met Mr. and Mrs. Max Carr, formerly of Denver, who also live in Sun City. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Livshis, former Chicagoans and more recently Denverites, live near Phoenix.

Merlin Noteboom and his parents, who have lived in Denver for some time, left town on March 28 to make their home in Lakewood, California.

June 2-3
June 2-3-4
June 8-11
June 17
June 17-18
June 25-30
July 1-4
July 1-4
July 5-9
July 21-23
July 21-23
August 11-13
August 11-19
August 25-27
September 1-4
September 1-4

Merlin had a job waiting for him as a landscaper.

Wilbur Bruns passed away March 30 in Colorado General Hospital in Denver, and funeral and interment were in Longmont, Colorado, on April 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis are the proud parents of a son born March 26. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hurley became the parents of a third daughter, their fourth child, on March 26, too. The Davaises have two other children, both daughters.

Mrs. Iona Simpson has returned from her six-week vacation in California. She visited in Long Beach and the Bay Area, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tom Collins and Mr. and Mrs. Emmette W. Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan of Chicago were the house guests of the Gus Andersons recently. They had been in California and were on the way home to Chicago.

Frank Galluzzo of Colorado Springs was the guest speaker at the Denver All Souls Guild Social March 24 and gave a fine review of the life of W. S. Stratton, the Midas of Cripple Creek.

Miss Sarah M. "Sadie" Young, a former supervisor at the Colorado School for the Deaf, Colorado Springs, for more than half a century, passed away April 11 in Brighton (Colorado) Memorial Hospital where she had been a patient for two years. She formerly made her home at Henderson, Colorado, with her niece, Miss Lucille Wolpert, and was 86 years old at the time of her death. Miss Young was educated at the Colorado School and was graduated from Gallaudet College in 1898. She became a supervisor at the Colorado School the same year and remained there for 51 years, retiring September 2, 1949. Our sympathy goes to Miss Wolpert and other survivors. Funeral services were held April 15 at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, with the Rev. Homer E. Grace officiating; burial was in Riverside Cemetery, Denver.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lessley was a patient at the Rose Memorial Hospital, Denver, for a week in April and is now at home. Her daughter, Maude, came from Phoenix to be with her while she was hospitalized.

Nine Coloradans, seven of them Denverites and two of them residents of Colorado Springs but also members of the Silent Athletic Club, attended the annual AAAD basketball tournament in Little Rock. The Don Warnicks (he was the delegate for Silent Athletic Club

1961 DATES AHEAD

Louisiana Association of the Deaf—Baton Rouge, La.
Indiana Assn. of the Deaf—School for Deaf, Indianapolis
Mississippi Association of the Deaf—Biloxi, Miss.
Colorado Assoc. of the Deaf—1545 Julian St. (SAC), Denver
South Dakota Association—School for Deaf, Sioux Falls
American Instructors of the Deaf—OSD, Salem, Oregon
Idaho Association of the Deaf—Boise, Idaho
Oklahoma Association—Alvin-Plaza Hotel, Tulsa, Okla.
Washington Association of the Deaf—Seattle, Wash.
Texas Association of the Deaf—Houston, Texas
Wisconsin Association of the Deaf—Racine, Wis.
Minnesota Association—Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minn.
Penn. Society for the Advancement of Deaf—Harrisburg, Pa.
South Carolina Assn.—Cedar Spring School, Spartanburg
Missouri Association—Hotel Governor, Jefferson City, Mo.
Nebraska Association of the Deaf—Lincoln, Neb.

of Denver and also is the 1962 AAAD tournament chairman) with Barbara Anderson as their passenger went by the way of Olathe, spending the night with the Albert Stacks. Virginia Stack joined the threesome for the trip to Little Rock, and Albert came later but rode back to Olathe afterwards with all. The John Buckmasters had Bill Fraser and Sandra Klein with them and stopped in Wichita the first night. The Wilbur Ruges rode the remainder of the way to Little Rock with them. John was delegate for the Colorado Springs Silents (he is also secretary-treasurer of the MAAD and on the Denver 1962 AAAD Committee); Bill Fraser is a past MAAD president and Wilbur Ruge the outgoing president. These men were delegates, too. The Coloradoans wore Western clothes. The women, Nancy Buckmaster, Rachel Warnick, Barbara Anderson, and Sandra Klein, were busy getting boosters for Denver, and their costumes were quite an attraction. James Barrack, secretary-treasurer of the AAAD took Don Warnick's western hat back to Washington, D. C. Others, whose names we do not know, took other articles of clothing from Don and John Buckmaster and wanted some from Bill Fraser, but his was "borrowed," so he managed to keep his shirt on. The Warnicks were the first to arrive in Little Rock, and the Buckmasters' car arrived about an hour later. Bill Fraser was greatly surprised to see Barbara there as he had tried to get some more of us to go to Little Rock at the last minute, and Barbara had told him she couldn't go. Everyone met old friends and made many new friends. Barbara formerly lived in Baltimore prior to her marriage and met many friends she hadn't seen for 13 years. When the travelers left Colorado on March 28, it was in a bad snowstorm, but they had no trouble in getting out. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morris, of Denver, and their daughter took a two-week vacation and managed to be in Little Rock for the tournament. Richard is a native of Arkansas.

Now it is our turn to get busy and tell everyone what a wonderful time they will have in Denver April 4-7, 1962.

On March 26, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cacciatore and their four children of Colorado Springs motored to California to visit his sister in Azua. They paid visits to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fishler in Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Christenson (nee Madeline

Duff) and Mrs. Ruth (White) Hutcheson, all of Hawthorne. They also visited Disneyland, Marineland, and many other places of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Highberger and Vernon Herzberger of Pueblo motored to Colorado Springs on Sunday evening, March 28, to attend church services by Rev. Dr. Homer E. Grace in the Grace Episcopal Church. Dr. and Mrs. Grace spent the night at the school and returned home to Littleton the next morning. They reported a very enjoyable four-week trip to California in February, meeting and visiting many former Colorado deaf and others.

The playroom of the Alexander Film Company was the scene of a movie social sponsored by the Colorado Springs Silents on March 18, and a good sized crowd enjoyed the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Deliere were in charge of the affair.

Fred Gustafson and his mother motored to Denver Easter Sunday to visit his sister and family.

George Culbertson has moved into a small four-room cottage across the street from the Colorado School.

In the February 4 edition of the Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph was an article about the history of the Skyway Baptist Mission which was constituted into a full-fledged Southern Baptist Church on February 5. The article stated in part: "Skyway Baptist Church performs a ministry for the deaf of the area, and the pastor's wife,

Mrs. John Baker, teaches the silent class and interprets the pastor's sermons in the sign language. The silent Sunday school class has an enrollment of 27. The first adult baptized in the church was Fred Gustafson who teaches at the Colorado School for the Deaf and the Blind and who is himself deaf. A city bus is chartered to pick up boys and girls at the school each Sunday and return them. Dinners and other social activities are provided for the deaf throughout the year."

There was an article in the January issue of the *Home Mission*, a publication of the Southern Home Board, about "A Tale of Two Churches"—the history and the start of the Skyway Baptist Church in June 1955 until the present. The article said that "Fred Gustafson, deaf from the State School, was the first man baptized at Skyway. Twenty-three other deaf friends have been won to Christ through the church. Out of these has grown a ministry of the deaf with 27 enrolled in Sunday School. Mrs. John Baker, using the sign language, teaches this class and interprets her husband's preaching."

An article in the February issue of the *Rocky Mountain Newsletter*, edited by Rev. W. H. Lange, stated that a new building for the Immanuel Lutheran Church of Colorado Springs is planned for completion late this year. Included in the plan for the new church is a chapel for the deaf. This chapel will have a room to accommodate 70

people. To show their appreciation to Immanuel Church the deaf members in Colorado Springs have begun a church fund to contribute to the new church. Mr. Herman Butler is in charge of the fund. Anyone wishing to contribute to the new chapel may do so by sending contributions to Mr. Butler, in care of the Colorado School.

It is reported through the *Rocky Mountain Newsletter* that a baby girl was born to Rev. and Mrs. William Ludwig of Columbus, Ohio, on January 21. Her name is Marianne Dorothy, and she has a brother, William Eric, 14 months old.

Michigan Breezes

Roy Baxter Conkling, Sr.

Second Route

Gladwin, Michigan

Special Training in Manual Alphabet and Sign Language Offered

The following item appeared in the *Michigan Mirror*, publication of the Michigan School for the Deaf, February number:

"Since the fall of 1959 an adult class conducted by Mrs. L. Jorgensen has been held in Kalamazoo, offering training in the manual alphabet and signs. Among the adults enrolled in the class are parents of deaf children, hard of hearing housewives, nurses, and others who have contact with the deaf. For the spring semester, 1961, two classes will be offered.

"In addition, classes in signs and the manual alphabet are being given for all members of the staff of the Michigan Rehabilitation Institute at Plainwell. Members of the teaching staff, office clerks, household personnel, and others at the MRI attended the classes. The MRI offers vocational training to all disabled, including the deaf. Deaf trainees come from day school classes as well as a few from the Michigan School. Roy Johnson, a 1960 MSD graduate, recently enrolled there for advanced mechanical drawing training.

"The Michigan Association of the Deaf has actively supported the establishment of these adult classes in finger spelling and signs."

Now if other cities in the United States will follow this example, maybe conversation between the deaf and the hearing folks will be a simple matter, with no need for pad and pencil. We have always maintained that all folks get along fine if it's 50-50. Why insist that the deaf be able to talk orally, and so use crippled speech, when, if our hearing friends will only learn OUR language of flitting fingers and gesture, we can understand each other perfectly well and quickly? Who of our hearing associates are sure that their sense of hearing will always be keen and perfect? Age has a way of weakening the sense of hearing, with the chance that total deafness may come. Wouldn't finger-spelling and the sign language come in handy then?

We haven't gotten entirely organized yet as to SILENT WORKER news coverage for Michigan. But Brother Gerald Adler, vice president of the Michigan Association of the Deaf (MAD), sent us copies of the MAD Record, the *Michigan Mirror*, Flint Club Bulletin, and a

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whose enterprise has made them rise
above the guys who criticize
and minimize the other guys.*



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nice letter of encouragement. We swiped the following items from the Record:

Officers of the Pontiac branch of the MAD are: John Waters, president; Stanley Gilbert, vice president; Winston Arrowsmith, secretary; Mrs. Storey, treasurer; Calvin Stottler, Horace Waters, and Robert Davies, trustees.

The unemployment situation is rather bad in Michigan right now. And it may get worse before it gets better. We would advise out-of-state folks seeking jobs to seek them in their home state or near home—not up here. Too, automation is rearing its ugly head—which means that automatic machines will cut down on working forces. Labor leaders are suggesting a shorter working week so as to provide more people with work as the machines move in.

Calvin Stottler, of Pontiac, has recovered from a bad gash on a hand, sustained from a power mower blade as he was repairing it. Those power mowers are mighty dangerous things to monkey with while the power is on, whether reel or rotary.

The sale of the *Detroit Times* to the *Detroit News* has resulted in putting quite a number of *Times* employees out of jobs, including deaf workers—we mean skilled workers, too. The automation “bug” is also running wild in the newspaper and printing industry, and that makes it a lot harder for the old-line printers to get back to work.

The Michigan Association of the Deaf recently presented a check of \$50 to the Michigan School for the Deaf, Flint, to be used for eyeglasses and shoes for needy pupils at the school. That, to us, is a wonderful thing to do. Michigan deaf adults have understanding hearts.

Don't blame the deaf folks if they are a bit clannish—or a lot so. Say what you will, or think what you please, in the final summation most of the deaf are non-conformists. A lot of well-intentioned hearing folks, even educators, hold to the opinion that the deaf—and I do not mean the hard-of-hearing folks but those totally deaf—that all the deaf boys and girls can be TAUGHT speech. The big Ethiopian in the little kindling pile is that the born-deaf or those who become deaf before acquiring speech, can be taught only to a limited extent to use speech. The honest-to-goodness, HONEST truth is that except the deaf child HAS natural speech before the onset of deafness, most of the time spent in trying to teach him to speak orally is wasted time, for, in the teaching of one word, it may take quite a while to master it orally. There is the word itself, pronunciation, enunciation, accent, and tone control, among other things, that the pupil has to learn—words that he does not and cannot hear. At best, in the after-school years, the child, grown to adulthood, has a very limited vocabulary and cannot carry on a fluent oral conversation in a hearing society.

The writer lost his hearing at the age of 10—that was 63 years ago. He had natural speech, but, even so, the pad and pencil is often a necessity in conversations with his hearing friends, in social and business conversation. Yes, there is that item of pronuncia-



On February 25, in Central Point, Oregon, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Smith reenacted their wedding on their 25th anniversary. It was given by daughter Wanda Smith and Frances McClary, formerly of Los Angeles. Faye Smith, the bride, was dressed in an old-fashioned dress and head veil made out of curtain. She wore a pair of garden work gloves. Three kinds of vegetables were arranged into a bouquet for Faye to carry in her hands. Dave McClary, acting as her father, gave her away. Bill Smith, the bridegroom, donned oversized overalls and wore extra large gloves. He sported a gray mustache cut out of rabbit fur from an old glove. Juanita Heiken was maid of honor in an old-fashioned dress and wore popcorn beads and a very large hat. She carried a cauliflower as her bouquet. Marion Huitt was Bill's best man wearing an old-fashioned suit and displaying sideburns. A doughnut was used in place of a wedding ring. The ceremony was performed by Danny Heiken as the minister. Silver dollars flowed in from their friends in California, and the collection of dollar bills from their local friends was changed into silver dollars. The money was put in a black pot resembling one that holds gold money with the rainbow reaching it. The refreshment table held a beautifully decorated wedding cake baked by Frances McClary.

tion lined up against me, too. Having worked in the noise of a newspaper composing room and press room, too, we had to raise our voices to be heard and understood. And, more often than not, outdoors we would forget to modulate our voice, and folks hearing me would jump or be startled.

Why be forced to learn the hard way? Education is the accumulation of all knowledge possible. And as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

Speech is not a must. Primitive man's “language” was largely grunts and roars. It was a long time, in the process of evolution, before man acquired speech and language.

For so many of the deaf children who enter school with no speech, the attempt to TEACH them speech subtracts a lot of time from the real process of learning; it confers no very lasting, if any, benefits. BUT written language, the manual alphabet, and the sign language are most simple avenues toward educational achievement.

Just the other day we read in a newspaper that teachers were “teaching the deaf HOW to hear.” Golly! To think that any reasonably intelligent hearing person could swallow such an absurdity. If this were possible, my friends, there would be no deafness at all. Absolutely, dear Watson! Just some more of the Barnumesque approach, along the lines that the public “likes to be humbugged.”

So we, along with so many other really deaf folks, choose to be, and always will be, non-conformists. We refuse to go along with hypocrisy, or the efforts to fool the people. Let the truth prevail, instead of using the deaf children as “guinea pigs,” with all the attendant pressagentry and press releases, to make the public believe that “speech” is the high point in education of the deaf; that a smattering of words—a far too small vocabulary—will “restore the deaf to society.” The speech-method education, as deaf adults will tell the world, is bunk. For it is not complete; time given to its “teaching” is time taken from the real theory and purpose of learning. In the after-school days, speech will so seldom be used by the “speech-taught.” These folks simply do not know enough words, as regards pronunciation, to make much headway in a conversational sense. With the pad and pencil, ah, there's satisfaction, and no inferiority complex. YET, as we read the daily newspapers, we often see where it is asserted that the deaf can not learn words unless they can talk!

From the Detroit Association of the Deaf “Sign Post”:—Roy Gorman fell asleep at the wheel while driving on the Detroit Expressway, and his car crashed into a light post, the car being demolished. Roy sustained a broken jaw and had to subsist on a liquid diet until the wired-together jawbone healed. *Nota bene:* if you get sleepy while

driving, pull off the road—onto a side road if it's a toll road or freeway, with limited access—stop your car off the road, of course—and take a nap or just rest until the sleepy feeling is gone. Then continue your trip. Just a bit of safety-first advice and precaution.

OREGON . . .

A good sized crowd gathered March 12 at Harris Hall, adjacent to the Lane County Court House in Eugene, despite the bad weather that Sunday afternoon. Guest speaker at the gathering was Keith Lange of Salem who told of his trip to Dallas and the NAD convention last summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Amundsen and children of LaPuente, California, spent a week recently visiting relatives around Eugene and Seattle. They were especially happy at meeting up with old friends who came to attend Dick's brother Bob's wedding.

Albert Sconiers has moved to Albany from Idaho. He is now working as a printer.

WASHINGTON, D. C. . . .

A bridal shower was given recently for Eleanor Wetzel by hostesses Beatrice Burke, Bernice Turk, Irja Konno, and Sue Scott. About 28 guests were present, and all the gifts were wrapped in dishtowels. One of the more clever ones was given by Mrs. Flo Crammatte—everything needed to bake an apple pie—a pie pan, rolling pin, blender, pie crust mix, apple filling, cinnamon, etc. The hostesses also presented the bride-to-be with a coffee pot.

Mary Ann Forestal was also honored with a bridal shower on April 23. The hostesses for this affair were Betty Miller, Jean Butcher, Jo Ann Loggans, and Mrs. William Sugiyama. Mary's mother and sister from Asbury Park, New Jersey, were also present to add to the surprise.

George Propp, a teacher at the Nebraska School for the Deaf in Omaha and also a brother-in-law of Tom Cuscaden, was in town recently as a participant at the Fort Monroe workshop. He was pleased to see friends who gathered at the Cuscaden house on April 27th for "old time's sake." Friends present also included some of his former students and their husbands—Lois and Marwood Burr, Vivian and Fletcher Smith, Alice and Ted Hagemeyer, and Agnes Dunn. Others gathered for the occasion included Mrs. Jackie Drake, Pauline and Roger Scott, Frank and Meda Hutchinson, Dick and Dot Caswell, and DCCD President and Mrs. Irving Hoberman.

Mrs. Jane Fletcher had an unfortunate accident when she smelled gas in her kitchen and found her oven unlit. Without thinking, she lit a match and started to relight it when it blew up in her face. Her daughter and a neighbor heard her scream and rushed her to a doctor, and while her face was seared and her eyebrows and part of her hair burned away she had closed her eyes in time and is not in danger of losing her vision. This was an accident that should not have happened,



Miss Junella Oakley and Mr. Jodey Coffman exchanged marriage vows in a double-ring ceremony performed by the Rev. John Bell at the First Methodist Church chapel in Enid, Oklahoma, on April 9. Mrs. Coffman is a graduate of the Oklahoma School, and Mr. Coffman is an Iowa School product. They are now residing in Wichita, Kansas, where he is employed in a job printing plant.

and we hope all readers will heed this and never try to light an oven that reeks of gas without first airing out the room.

Dick Caswell is a new addition to the GPO. He is also the new athletic director of the DCCD, and we wish him a successful season.

Minnie Bache was confined at her home for almost two weeks from April 30 to May 12 with sciatica. Jackie Drake had an infected appendix removed on May 12 and will return to work on the 22nd.

In a short but impressive ceremony following the regular monthly meeting of the DCCD, Fred Schreiber was presented with a beautiful Longines wristwatch in recognition of his many and varied services to the club. The presentation was made by Tony D'Onfrio and John Kubis. Each said some words explaining the gift had come from a collection taken up among the membership in recognition and appreciation of the many hours given above and beyond the call of duty. Fred has served the club in various activities which include serving as athletic director and editor of the Dee Cee Eyes. Usually uninhibited and eloquent, the surprised and obviously touched Mr. Schreiber found himself at a loss for words. Holding out the watch for all to see, with sincerity and appreciation clearly written all over his face, he uttered a simple and quite appreciative "Thank you."

Agnes Dunn, the lady with a thousand talents, has been appointed project director of the DCCD and given the responsibility of getting the club's community project work in high gear. The DCCD is currently supporting Washington's Children's Convalescent Hospital, and it is an aim of the club to provide service as well as money to support the hospital. Poster work and sewing are examples of skills that are needed there, and the club will find

ways to provide such services in the near future under Agnes' direction. She will also go to the International Games in Finland in July as a coach for the women participants, and the Homemaker's Guild is giving a Bake Auction to help raise the needed money for her fare. All contributions are welcome to this very deserving lady.

Henry and Carol Dorsey spent a lovely honeymoon in Bermuda. They toured the island on motor bikes, sunned themselves on the beautiful beach where the water is a clear blue-green, and attended nightclubs in the evening where the natives made music in tune to inspiring bongo drums, and they will always have those happy memories to look back on.

The Herbert Schreibers of California were house guests of the Fred Schreibers of Garrett Park for a week following the fabulous workshop. A farewell party was tendered them with the Alan Crammattes, Mel Carters, Alex Fleischmans, Mac Norwoods, Roger Scotts, Irving Hobermans, Donna Cuscaden, Dorothy Miles, and Jerald Jordan on hand to witness the wishing of god-speed and come again. Fred and Kit played hosts at this affair.

Frances Hoberman and James Manson are engaged, but no date has been set for the wedding.

Roaming the Range

With El Gaucho

By Troy E. Hill

Well, folks, since my criticisms were published and so far BBB and George Dewey Coat, are the only two to disagree with me, in all the letters I have received, we will just consider the matter closed although I do feel that neither BBB nor Coats caught the real meaning of my criticisms I do not object to the state representatives plan as such but to the exclusion of life members and members of state associations that did not ratify the plan being excluded from voting. And as for Mr. Coats' remark that life members never did have any privileges, I beg to disagree with him. We were induced to become life members by the idea that we would have full voting privileges, not just part of them.

Harry Rudolph

It grieves me considerably to report the untimely death of the remaining Dudolph twins. Harold died a little over a year ago, and now I learn that Harry has also died. And he was buried by the side of his wife, in Richardson, Texas, just north of Dallas, on Monday, May 15.

Harry and Harol Rudolph, left and right halfbacks on the team I coached at the Texas School for the Deaf in 1921-22, were both stars in football and in baseball, also. I always took great pride in their achievements, not only at school but afterwards in the world of the deaf. Harry, in particular, was long a leader of the deaf in Oklahoma where he lived until the Daily Oklahoman, became a scab shop, then he moved to Louisville, Kentucky,

C. W. Castleberry of Dallas is at present recovering from an automobile accident in Austin. Seven of his ribs were broken.

Lester Tomlinson of Dallas was also hospitalized recently, and as far as we can determine he is suffering from sleeping sickness and is at the present writing still hospitalized. We understand he is to be taken home in a few days.

The Dallas Silent Club honored its 1960-61 basketball team with a banquet the night of May 13 at the club. The team won the SWAAD title for the first time and entered the nationals at Little Rock, where they also won the sportsmanship trophy, though they were regulated to eighth place by the officials, which passes our understanding since they averaged 10 to 15 points more per game than did Oakland.

The news sent in by Roy B. Conklin of Michigan sort of stirred the old thinking pot in El Gaucho and brought back some memories.

The Gibson Special

Probably the greatest convention ever dished up to the deaf was the 1924

NFSD Convention in St. Paul in July. All delegates and visitors from the East, North, South, and Southeast, as well as the Southwest, met in Chicago, and a special train called "The Gibson Special" carried them from Chicago to St. Paul overnight. As far as I can find out, this was the first and only time an entire passenger train was patronized by the deaf and the deaf alone.

We recall the heroics of Jimmie Meagher, who worked all night for our beloved F. P. Gibson, as rumors were out that he was to be disposed of as secretary-treasurer of the NFSD. Others we recall on that special were: John Purdom, the Arkansas printer, a Miss Elrod of Arkansas; Joe Bouchard of Connecticut; James F. Brady of Philadelphia; I. M. Robertson of Akron; John Muehler of Louisville, Kentucky; and countless other deaf, some of whom have gone to their last resting place while a few of us are still around hanging by the skin of our teeth.

Next month we will recall another wonderful excursion of the deaf for you.

"cutting continuity." Such a continuity might read like this:

BOONE

"Now look, I've been thinking this over, and Jerry Grant isn't such a bad boy. He has a good balance in the bank and a very nice business."

MRS. BOONE

"Yes, driving a bakery truck."

MURPHY

"Oh, he doesn't only drive it. He owns it."

BOONE

"That's right."

MURPHY

"Yes, and he owns seven other trucks that other guys drive."

MRS. BOONE

"OK, OK. I still don't like him. He parts his hair in the middle."

Reduced to a caption script the above might read as follows:

BOONE

Jerry Grant isn't bad. He has some money and a business.

MRS. BOONE

Driving a bakery truck.

MURPHY

Yes, but he owns it and seven others.

MRS. BOONE

OK. He still parts his hair in the middle.

In addition to writing the dialogue, the captioner must look out for difficult words, find short words to replace long ones, and then use arithmetic to figure where the title appears on the film. He writes—Begin 97.8 (97 feet and 8 frames from the start of the movie) End 99.4 (99 feet and 4 frames from the beginning). These figures are found by adding the length of each caption to what has gone before. Thus, a captioner must be both a mathematician and a writer. Not an easy job.

* * *

Captioned Films has received some nice publicity this month. Educational Screen Magazine which goes to thousands of teachers and school administrators, libraries, and elsewhere, carried a one-thousand word article. A shorter piece appeared in News and Reports published by the government in connection with the National Defense Education Act. This bulletin goes to research people and colleges and universities throughout the nation. Both articles were illustrated with a picture of Mac Norwood, film program specialist, working with Anita Carpenter, another staff member.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I can see no reason for the change in the name of THE SILENT WORKER. I believe other names will not be as strong or as effective or as appropriate. The present name is an old and honored name, and calls up happy memories and associates.

Harry Best

(Dr. Harry Best, of Lexington, Kentucky, wrote the monumental "Deafness and the Deaf in the United States.")

Captioned Films for the Deaf

Film Fare

Although most deaf people have heard of captioned films, it appears that some do not yet have a clear understanding of what this is about. For the benefit of those not in the know, the program of Captioned Films for the Deaf is a government film service designed and operated solely for the deaf.

What is a captioned film? This can best be explained by mentioning foreign language films which have English sub-titles placed on them. In this way a film with a French, German, or Italian sound track can be enjoyed by hearing audiences who do not understand these languages. The sub-titles tell the story. Groups of deaf people have used these foreign films for years.

Now American films are made available for the deaf by adding English titles. The U. S. Office of Education acquires the films, adds the sub-titles, and then lends the films free to groups of deaf people. Borrowers have only to pay the return postage. Since films travel at library rate, this amounts to only a few cents.

To get the films, any group of eight or more deaf people can make application to the Office of Education. The address is: Captioned Films for the Deaf, U. S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D C.

A new booklet just issued gives all rules and information about the program as well as the names of films that can be borrowed. It may be had free by writing to the above address.

* * *

Putting sub-titles on moving picture film is not as simple as one might think.

In the first place, movie film runs through a projector at the rate of 24 frames or single pictures per second. Thus, the film moves, and the pictures seem to move, but the captions must stand still in order that they can be read. To accomplish this, the same words must appear in exactly the same position on a whole series of pictures that make up one scene.

To make this clearer, suppose that the movie shows a man leaving home and his little daughter waving goodbye. She says, "Hurry home, Daddy." To show this in a readable caption requires putting it on 42 frames or pictures in exactly the same position on each. If it moves from this position, the words will seem to jiggle or dance before your eyes. As you read the caption, you seem to see a steady line of print, much like you read a line of print in the newspaper. But in fact, what you see is 42 separate flashes of light that strike your vision "quicker than a cat can wink its eye." The result is a caption.

In addition to making captions hold still, there is the problem of keeping them out of the way so that they do not cover the picture. Then, too, they must be timed so that they appear and disappear at the right time. Since most scenes in a movie last only a few seconds, the captions have to be quite short. This is done by condensing the words of the speakers, giving only enough of what they say so that the deaf viewer can get the sense of what is happening. People who write the captions do this by working from a printed sheet which in movie talk is called a



The Legal Column

By Lowell J. Myers

Attorney at Law

A Refund of \$240.00

A deaf man in Chicago had two deaf children. They were going to one of the special schools for the deaf. They were at school about nine months of each year and were home for about three months of the year. The school provided room, board, and medical care free of charge.

When the father made up his income tax return a few years ago, he put these three children down as being his "dependents." The tax return was audited by the tax department, and the tax auditor told the father:

"You can't take those children as your dependents. You can only take a child as being a dependent if you furnish **more than half** of that child's support. You only supported them for three months. So, you provided less than half of their support, and you can't put them down as being your dependents."

The tax auditor gave the father a tax bill for \$240.00 more taxes due, and the father paid that bill.

A little while later the Treasury Department came out with a special ruling on this matter. The ruling said that the support given by a special school of this kind does **not** have to be considered in determining this question of support.

In figuring out the father's income tax return for the year 1960, I put those children down as dependents. The ruling showed that this was correct. There could be no question about that.

But there was another question involved. That was the question of whether the ruling applies to **previous** years as well as to future years. In other words, could he get back the \$240.00 that the tax department had made him pay for the previous year? I examined the ruling, and I am of the opinion that this ruling applies to

past years as well as to the future years.

I filed a formal Claim for Refund to get back the \$240.00 that the Treasury Department had (incorrectly) made him pay. This claim is still pending, and I am confident that it will be paid.

Many deaf people throughout the country may be in a similar position. Anyone who has paid additional taxes for the year 1958 and 1959 under the old interpretation of the law should consider the possibility of filing a claim for refund with the Treasury Department. Depending on the number of children involved and the number of years involved, a large sum of money may be involved.

Anyone who would like to have more information on this matter can write to me directly, and I will be glad to furnish details. The Treasury Department ruling involved is Ruling No. 59-379, I.R.B. 1959-49,7. This appears at Section 6192 of the 1960 Commerce Clearing House Standard Tax Service.

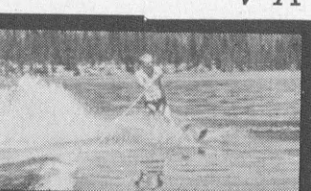
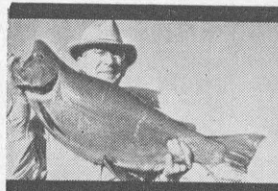
Some deaf persons are very hesitant about filing claims with the Treasury Department, but there is no good reason for this. If the grocery store made a mistake and short-changed you by \$240.00, you would certainly speak up and say something about it. You should do exactly the same thing when dealing with the U. S. Treasury Department.

I-N-C-L-U-D-E . . . the Fourteenth Biennial Convention of the

IDAHO

Idaho Association of the Deaf in your

VACATION PLANS



In Idaho we do most of our fighting and working in between conventions. We wisely save this important event for FUN! FUN! FUN!

is the Place to Go

Come and join us:

- Friendliest people in the West!
- A real fun-loving, congenial bunch!
- You'll feel welcome with us!

JULY 1, 2, 3, 4, 1961

BOISE

IDAHO

JACK D. DOWNEY, General Chairman
711 Opal Street, Boise, Idaho

DELBERT ROBINSON, President
1525 Ponderosa Dr., Idaho Falls

Chicago's Big and Strong Crusaders Win National AAAD Cage Title

Top Washington in Finals, 84-72; Aging Little Rock Silents Still Give Fans Exciting Games;
USA Basketball Team Formed; Colorful Luther C. Shibley Proves Nothing Is Impossible
As Little Rock AAAD Classic Is a Huge and Financial Success. Next Year's Meet at Denver.

By ART KRUGER

When in 1722 Sieur Bernard de la Harpe, one of the numerous French explorers of that day, came up the Arkansas River and located La Petite Roche and La Grande Roche, little did he know that one day La Petite Roche would become the site of a beautiful and imposing city of the South, and at Little Rock, the site of the 17th annual National Basketball Tournament of the American Athletic Association of the Deaf.



ART KRUGER

La Harpe was a pioneer in the wilderness. No less were the people of a much later day who saw and recognized a magnificent movement in behalf of the deaf, who had the spirit and courage to join forces in this movement, destined to build an enduring monument to the resourcefulness and proud independence of the deaf of the New World.

Thus never before has the tournament gone to a city the size of Little Rock, which this year has pulled away from the major population centers because of two things. One was the determination on the part of Arkansas people, widely respected in the AAAD, to land the event after 12 straight years' participation in it.

The other thing, and undoubtedly the decisive reason, is the record of the host team regarded as one of the greatest and smoothest hardwood quintets in AAAD history.

And we will let AAAD President Vic Galloway, now of Santa Clara, California, tell you in his presidential greetings in the tournament brochure about the basketball team representing Little Rock Association of the Deaf as follows:

SILENT WORKER, gets his commission as an Arkansas Traveler from Winthrop Rockefeller. At the left is Thomas W. Elliott, chairman of the Hall of Fame Committee. James Barrack is at the right. The occasion was the annual Hall of Fame Luncheon on Friday, March 31, in Little Rock. Mr. Rockefeller, owner of the fabulous Winrock Farm atop Petit Jean Mountain near Morrilton, Arkansas, is one of the Wonder State's most respected citizens and boosters.

"Small wonder then that the famous Little Rock basketball team should have survived similarly after having played in more AAAD tournaments than any other team in the United States. It was the Little Rock team that brought fame and glory to the United States by winning the world championship at the VIII International Games for the Deaf held in Milan, Italy, the summer of 1957. It has always been the Little Rock team that provided the AAAD fans with thrills galore with its stellar performances on the courts, with the last minute ditch stands and the individual heroics turned in by several players, particularly the famed Nutt brothers.

"Little Rock has played a major role in the illustrious history of the AAAD so now we gather in the Capitol City of the State of Arkansas to pay tribute to the wonderful people of this state and to the basketball team. Our profound thanks to Governor Orval Faubus for making it possible for the deaf community in Little Rock to bring the Seventeenth Annual Basketball Tournament to this city."

For the deaf community there is more history at hand than the presence there of the tournament itself. The three-day event at the Robinson Audi-

torium, March 30-31, April 1, 1961, marked perhaps the final games together for the aging (in basketball years) personnel of the Little Rock team: the closing chapter in the careers of the fabled Nutt brothers of Fordyce, Arkansas.

"We are getting too old for it," said Houston Nutt, dean of students and athletic director at the Arkansas School for the Deaf located at Little Rock.

Clyde is 32, Houston is 30, and Fay is 29. To us, Clyde looks like he has five more years. Everybody says Fay is getting better every year. But there has to be a stopping point somewhere.

Houston said that he has no doubt that the LR Silents would do well in future tournaments if they could manage as many as two or three practice sessions a week.

Fay works at the Fordyce Lumber Company and Clyde at Hudson's Paper Company at Pine Bluff. If they have a game, they take off after work and drive 70 to 100 miles to the gym and start playing. If they could ever practice, they would become the first tournament host in history to win the championship.

The Nutt brothers had been so "bad" this year that rarely had they managed to score more than 25 points apiece in any one game. Clyde and Fay, particularly, had been uniformly "bad,"



It's DENVER, COLORADO *in* 1962

AAAD BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT APRIL 4-5-6-7

Cool Colorful Colorado



EPHPHETA DEAF CENTER, Chicago's muscular Crusaders wore down Washington, D. C., and ripped off an 84-72 victory in the finals of the national basketball tournament of the AAAD. Thus five of them qualified for the trip to the IX International Games for the Deaf to be held in Helsinki, Finland, August 6-10, 1961, and completed a most successful three-day meet. Left to right, standing: Leon French (6-5), William Schyman (6-5), William Schwall (6-4), Jim Butler (6-3), and Eddie Miller. kneeling: Carlos Martinez, Philip Trapani, and Gerald Kane.

tying five times for high-point honors with such scores as 28, 30, and 32 points each. Clyde broke out of this "rut" with 47 points against an independent hearing team one week prior to the recent AAAD classic. Houston scored 26. Fay didn't play because of a bad knee.

How good are the Nutt brothers and by whose basketball standards?

On his wrist, Houston Nutt wears a gold watch inscribed with initials of the National Invitation Tournament in New York City. He received this as a member of Hank Iba's Oklahoma A&M team which went to the collegiate finals in Madison Square Garden in 1956.

Houston Nutt had made the Beard, Groza, Ramsey, Spivey team when the point-shaving scandal hit the University of Kentucky in 1951. Perhaps the greatest of all Adolph Rupp-assembled teams was put on probation because of the actions of one man. Houston Nutt, not involved, returned to Arkansas. He put in one semester at Little Rock Junior College before Iba came over from Stillwater to get him.

And so the ability of Houston Nutt, whose hearing, like brother Fay's, is only partially defective, is most forcefully attested to by the fact that he went on to college to play for two of

the greatest basketball coaches of all time.

What of Fay?

Fay could have done the same thing, or more. He is the biggest and strongest, and he gets amazingly better every year. You can't say what Fay would have done if he had taken the offers.

Finally Clyde. To this question Houston falls silent, looks at his office floor and, with a clench of his fists, seems to relive an old and intense personal frustration.

"I've played with Hagan and Ramsey and Beard and some of the very best men ever to get on a court," Houston said. "I must say that I have never seen a man whom I could call a better basketball player than my brother Clyde. He's small, only 5-11, but I wouldn't qualify the statement in any way. There will never be a deaf boy like him."

If you saw Clyde Nutt as a boy, yourself, there was nobody before him, and there would be nobody after him. He was not merely uncanny with these ghostly moves—he was incredible; to fool the gallery is a delight, to befuddle the opposition is fine basketball, but to leave one's own teammates and the officials (we have seen it) standing momentarily motionless and agape as he bobbed softly into the air above

the rest to pop it in—Clyde Nutt should have been outlawed, you thought.

Even as a teenager Clyde became legend "on the hill." He came up from Fordyce where, as almost toddlers, he and his brothers had begun stuffing a skinned-up tennis ball into an old bucket nailed high on the garage, and in his first organized basketball game scored 14 points against boys twice his size. That was in 1939. In no game since then has Clyde scored so few points.

The record is much too long to recite. Let it read simply that as a schoolboy he was all-everything, as his team won the State Class B high school championship in 1949, and that in 12 consecutive appearances in the national AAAD tournament he is the only player to be named the tournament's most valuable player twice and also on the all-tournament team more often than any players in the 17-year-old history of the AAAD, and has always been among the top scorers in the tournament. In the recent Little Rock nationals Clyde scored 63 points, and in 12 meets, he amassed a record of 872 digits in 36 games for an average of 24.2 points per game.

But there is a lot more to the LR Silents than the Nutt boys. They have towering John Jackson and Edward

Ketchum and Howard Poe (contemporaries of Clyde's at the school for the deaf), and they've played a lot of basketball, including the 1957 "Deaf Olympics."

"But we all have the same problem now, which is too many years. If we could practice a little and get in shape we might make it at Denver next year. As it is, we'll have to wait and see," said Houston Nutt.

For some time Little Rock was looked upon as a prospective AAAD host. They were taken for "giants" from the Bear State in accordance with their powers on the hardwood. Such venture would appear a huge task in face of the small number of members of the Little Rock Association of the Deaf. However, the strong display of enthusiasm and moral support from the local Chamber of Commerce and the sports-loving deaf of the nation made them bid for this shindig. Thus they were awarded the hostship with full blessings at the 1959 Atlanta convention. They were at least happy to contribute their share to the AAAD movement after having been a "follower" for the past 12 years. And with only 52 members the Little Rock Association of the Deaf put over a highly successful and PROFITABLE tournament.

While many individuals in Little Rock deserve our plaudits, there is one to whom we are particularly indebted. It was and has always been he that kept Little Rock in the focus of the AAAD. He has become synonymous with the name Little Rock. Our hats off to this indefatigable worker and leader, the colorful Luther C. Shibley, the general chairman of the 17th annual AAAD National Basketball Tournament.

After the championship game Race Drake, former all around athlete from the Arkansas School for the Deaf and Gallaudet College and now a linotype operator of *The Arkansas Democrat*, gave a fine speech regarding Luther Shibley. He said that most people thought it was impossible for a tournament of this type to be a success in a city the size of Little Rock, but this one had proved 'em wrong. Luther finally convinced them that they could do the impossible thing, and because of this he was presented with a plaque of appreciation from the members of the Little Rock Association of the Deaf for making them believe in Luther that they would succeed.

Now for the story of the tournament games:

Chicago Ephpheta Deaf Center, a team of four Goliaths who challenge you to go on the boards with them, efficiently wore down District of Columbia Club of the Deaf, 84-72, to win the National AAAD basketball tournament, Saturday afternoon, April 1.

The Chicago entry, which has a four-man line averaging 6-4 in height, parlayed an 80-point production from that quartet with overpowering rebounding to grab the title.

In consolation games, Pittsburgh eased by host Little Rock, 76-71, for third place and Council Bluffs, Iowa, raced by Burbank, California, 101-72 to gain fifth place.



Big wheels of AAAD posed at Robinson Memorial Gymnasium in Little Rock, Arkansas. Left to right, seated: Lenny Warshawsky of Skokie, Illinois; Art Kruger of Canoga Park, California; and Easy Carney of St. Louis. Standing: S. Robey Burns of Chicago; Alex Fleischman of Silver Spring, Maryland; Jimmie Barrack of Towson, Maryland; Jerry Jordan of Garrett Park, Maryland; Vic Galloway of Santa Clara, California; and Maxie Friedman of New York City.

Washington, which had won its two opening games by a total of nine points, gamely stayed even with the champs for 30 minutes, but a successful stall iced it for the Windy City outfit.

Husky Charles Buemi, 190-pounder, shot Washington to within 52-50 with 10:20 left, but that was the last real chance his team had at the title.

Chicago turned on its delaying game, and three easy crisp shots plus a bevy of free throws near the end made the final margin spell victory in a convincing manner.

Leon French, Bill Schyman, and Bill Schwall, Chicago's largest at 6-5, 6-5, and 6-4, respectively, were also the scoring leaders.

French, only 19 years old, hit mostly on soft one-handed set shots to finish with 23 points. He gunned the Chicago club to an early 17-11 lead.

Buemi was the show for his team as he repeatedly came up with clutch baskets to keep his club within striking distance.

He finished with 23 points before fouling out. Little Joe Rose added 16 for the losers, and Doug Smith, a 6-6 scrapper, had 12.

Schyman, who doubles as coach, pumped in 22 points, and Schwall, who possesses a lot of spring in his legs as does teammate Jim Butler, 6-3, meshed 21.

Chicago's delaying game largely accounted for a 30-22 scoring bulge in the final two minutes. Chicago held a precarious 35-32 lead at intermission and at one time enlarged it to 52-44 before Buemi warmed up.

Little Rock, which has played in 13 of the 17 national tournaments, a new record, pulled ahead of top-seeded Pittsburgh 38-35 at halftime, but fell victim at the foul line in the final two periods.

John Jackson, Little Rock's tallest at 6-5, fouled out with 10 minutes left. Houston Nutt followed only six minutes later, and Clyde and Fay Nutt played the final nine minutes with four fouls each.

Edward Ketchum, a 6-3 husky, didn't even play for the hometowners, and it was only a question of time until the Pennsylvania team overtook the former deaf world champions.

Jack Antal, an 18-year-old star who burned the nets for Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf last year, put Pittsburgh ahead, 69-68, with four minutes left. He finished with 29 points. Teammate Mike Dorrell put in 25.

Clyde Nutt paced Little Rock with 22, Fay Nutt had 18, and Houston Nutt 15.

Council Bluffs raced to a 56-36 half-time lead and coasted by Burbank. Howard Wood scored 26 points. Dennis Wernimont, who won four medals in the track and field division of the last "Deaf Olympics," had 24, and his older brother, Franklin, put in 23 for the winners.

Maurice Mosley, a quick little Negro, had 20 for the losers. Gary Tyhurst canned 18, and Kevin Milligan had 17.

Little Rock Shows Power and Chicago Looks Sharpest in Opening Round

Mayor Werner Knoop could not make it, so Roy G. Parks, superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf, "threw out" the first ball Thursday evening, March 30, to open the 17th national deaf basketball championships.

The ageless Little Rock Silents are like the dependable Mississippi River—they just keep right on rolling. Paced by the inseparable Nutt brothers, Clyde, Houston, and Fay—the Little Rock entrant smothered Oakland, 96-63, in



General Chairman Luther C. Shibley and Houston Nutt look over plans for the 17th annual AAAD national basketball tournament held at Little Rock, March 29-30-31, April 1, 1961. P.S. Luther proved that nothing is impossible by showing that a city the size of Little Rock could put over such a highly successful meet. And Houston sold every advertisement in the tourney's handsome brochure, grossing about \$2000.

the fourth game of the opening round.

In other first-round games, top-seeded Pittsburgh trashed Dallas, 83-61, in the opening game of the tourney. Chicago followed by easing by Burbank 71-58, and Washington nipped Council Bluffs, 78-72, in the third game of Thursday evening session.

The Little Rock Silents are the most tested team in the tourney with an average of 31 years between them, but it would be a misconception to believe age was catching up with them.

Among the three Nutt brothers, they scored 77 points and John Jackson added 13.

Fay, the youngest of the Nutt brothers at 28 and the tallest at 6-3, was hot at the start, and Little Rock quickly amassed a 38-19 lead. It was 48-30 at halftime, and midway in the final stanza it became a question only of how many points the Little Rock team could score.

Clyde paced Little Rock to its 25th tourney win against 12 setbacks, with 32 points, hitting on little jumpers off the Silents' impressive and deceptive fast break, led by the agile Houston.

Houston warmed up in the final half and added sharp outside shooting with the showmanship passing to finish with 28 on picture layins and long two-handed pushers. Fay added 17.

Oakland stayed in it for awhile and managed a 12-11 lead on Joe Velez's drive. Then Little Rock tore it open with a tireless, searching fast break based on the fast pass.

Clyde hit a jumper after Jackson's free throw; Houston drove for two; Clyde made a three-point play; Houston and Clyde combined for five more points; and suddenly it was 26-12 before Ralph Foster, a steady Oakland hand, could break his team's scoring drought.

Foster, Oakland's tallest regular at 6-4 and former All-American from the Montana School for the Deaf, had 17,

and Alfred Duncan, a 5-6, 180 Negro and another former All-American from the Illinois School for the Deaf, put in 11.

Edward Ketchum, who has been one of Little Rock's leading rebounders, did not play as he was undergoing hospital treatment for an ulcer.

Pittsburgh jumped into a big lead at the start and never was headed. Mike Dorrell and Jack Antal, both 6-2, made 23 and 21 points each in leading a balanced scoring attack that made its biggest effect felt underneath the basket.

Pittsburgh built up a 42-27 halftime lead and substituted freely. Ray Dean canned 18 for the losers.

Washington broke away from a 72-72 stalemate in the final three minutes to defeat Council Bluffs. Washington led 33-26 at halftime before Council Bluffs battled back.

John Miller put in 26 points for the winners. Dennis Wernimont had 21 and Howard Wood 20 for Council Bluffs.

Chicago looked the sharpest of the teams to play in the opening round, and most of us thought it would be the team to beat in the tourney and we were right.

Burbank did not have a regular over 6 feet tall, but made a great showing before succumbing to overpowering rebounding by Chicago. And Chicago boasted regulars of 6-5, 6-4, 6-5, and 6-3 who operated with finesse.

Big and strong, the Crusaders ripped it open with 13:18 left, but faltered near the middle as Burbank caught up with only a 52-50 deficit. Chicago finished in a flurry, however, and coasted in behind 6-5 Bill Schyman, 6-4 William Schwall, 6-5 Leon French, and 6-3 Jim Butler.

William Schwall pumped in 22 points for Chicago, Leon French had 17, and Jim Butler 14. Maurice Mosley, a 5-11 Negro jumping jack, led Burbank with 19.

In Tourney Semis Pittsburgh Bows To Chicago and Little Rock Beaten by Washington

Washington ousted Little Rock, and No. 1 seeded Pittsburgh fell by the wayside in the semifinals on Friday night, March 31.

Gerald Pelarski hit two free throws with 00:26 left to assure Washington of a 63-60 victory over Little Rock in a game that lasted past midnight, and Chicago's muscular Crusaders put Pittsburgh out of it early to win, 85-63.

In consolation games, Burbank eliminated Dallas, 108-64, and Council Bluffs pulled away from Oakland, 74-55.

Little Rock could never get its patented fast break going effectively, and though the Silents looked at one or two junctures as if they might break it open, Washington came right back. Little Rock led by 31-29 at the end of the first half, and neither team could get more than a three-point lead thereafter. With a little over six minutes left, the LR Silents held a 53-50 lead on Houston Nutt's long and beautiful set, but John Miller, tough in the clutch, shot Washington back into it and stole for a 56-56 tie with 4:01 remaining.

Pelarski and Charles Buemi got Washington into a three-point lead, and then Fay and Houston Nutt could get Little Rock back to only a 61-60 deficit at 00:57. Then Pelarski got his two free throws off a stall.

What really hurt Little Rock was the loss of big John Jackson, its only consistent rebounder, through the foul route. He sat out much of the game with a heavy foul load, too.

Too, Douglas Smith was an all-game workhorse under the boards for Washington, which got all-court play from most of its personnel.

The fabled Nutt brothers — Fay, Houston and Clyde — never really got started, unlike in their first tourney game. They missed badly at times while Washington played for the good shot, took it, and usually made it, and if they didn't, there was the inevitable Smith.

John Miller scored 18 points, and husky Charles Buemi added 16 for the winners. Fay Nutt led Little Rock with 22, and Houston Nutt dropped in 17.

Chicago's Leon French, a thick 6-5er with the "shooting touch," fired in 27 points, 19 of them in the first half, in leading his team to its win. He, however, was only one of a few big and strong Crusaders who whipped the smaller Pittsburgh team on almost every point.

By far the biggest team in the tourney, Chicago rebounded ruggedly and hit from most places, with French, 6-4 William Schwall, 6-5 William Schyman, and 6-3 Jim Butler leading the parade.

Chicago led by 12 points late in the first half, but upped its margin to 48-26 with 1:44 remaining. By 10:43 of the second half, the Crusaders had made it a 30-point difference, 66-36, despite the work of Pittsburgh's Jack Antal who has the moves of a clever guard. He scored 20 points for the losers.

Kevin Milligan scored 37 points, Maurice Mosley had 27; and Gary Tyhurst had 20 as Burbank coasted by Dallas. Ray Dean put in 26 points for the losers.

Council Bluffs was tied with Oakland, 36-36, at intermission, but a final 10-minute scoring surge put it out of reach.

Dennis Wernimont had 22 points for the winners, and Howard Wood meshed 16. Alfred Duncan scored 13 points the first half and finished with 16 markers for Oakland.

Awards

Trophies and awards were presented immediately after the championship games.

The 10-man all-tournament team included the following players:

FIRST TEAM — Jack Antal, Pittsburgh; Leon French, Chicago; William Schwall, Chicago; Douglas Smith, Washington, and Houston Nutt, Little Rock.

SECOND TEAM — Mike Dorrell, Pittsburgh; Maurice Mosley, Burbank; William Schyman, Chicago; Charles Buemi, Washington, and Dennis Wernimont, Council Bluffs.

Each member of the all-star teams was presented watches from United States Time Corporation.

It was 23-year-old Schwall who was named the tourney's most valuable player, while Schyman, who is 30, was picked the tournament's "most valuable coach."

Joseph Rose of Washington won the individual sportsmanship award and Dallas the team sportsmanship trophy.

John Jackson of Little Rock was given a special trophy for having participated in the tournament as a player for 13 consecutive years. This award was presented by the AAAD 10/25 Club.

The Stack brothers (Albert of Olathe, Kansas, Hugh of Austin, Texas, and Luther of Baton Rouge, Louisiana) designed and gave a waist-high championship trophy to the Chicago five. This trophy included a glass sealed photo of the city of Little Rock.

This tournament was said to have had more former school for the deaf All-American players than any previous nationals and also several outstanding point getters and many fine rebounders.

Jack Antal took the scoring leadership of the tourney with 71 points. Other top point-getters of the meet in three games were Leon French of Chicago with 67 points; Dennis Wernimont of Council Bluffs, 67; Maurice Mosley of Valley, 66; William Schwall of Chicago, 66; Clyde Nutt of Little Rock, 63; Howard Wood of Council Bluffs, 62; Mike Dorrell of Pittsburgh, 62; Kevin Milligan of Burbank, 61; Houston Nutt of Little Rock, 60; Fay Nutt of Little Rock, 57; Charles Buemi of Washington, 56; John Miller of Washington, 49; Gary Tyhurst of Burbank, 47; William Schyman of Chicago, 45; and Jim Butler of Chicago, 43.

USA Cage Team Selected For Helsinki

When it was all over at this 17th edition of the AAAD national cagefest, the US International Games for the Deaf Committee met immediately to determine the make-up of the USA Basketball Team and announced players named to the elite team at the Tournament Ball at Crystal Ballroom



Admiring the tourney trophies are Little Rock's famous Nutt Brothers—Clyde, left, Fay, right, and Houston.

of Marion Hotel on Saturday evening.

Elsewhere is a list of players who will carry the Stars and Stripes to Finland. Incidentally, we saw several favorable comments on the fact that we picked some of the ALL-STARS from clubs which did not make it to this AAAD tournament.

We made the trip to Little Rock in our new Falcon, leaving Canoga Park, California, Saturday morning, March 25, and reaching Little Rock, Monday afternoon, March 27. Accompanying us were Hank Steingeister, president of the Farwest Athletic Association of the Deaf; Marvin Greenstone, whose youthful looks belie his 40 years and who is still playing basketball for the Los Angeles Club of the Deaf; and Clarence Allmandinger, who felt very much at home in the Ozark country as he was born in Arkansas and raised in the Ozarks of Missouri.

In the evening of Monday, we paid the Luther Shibleys a visit and found him saddened because Big Ed Ketchum couldn't play, for he had hoped that his beloved Little Rock five would be the first host club to win the AAAD basketball championship.

Next day on Tuesday morning we visited the Arkansas School for the Deaf. It is beautifully situated on high ground overlooking the city and commanding a fine view of the Ozark foothills in the distance.

It was a pleasure to meet several deaf teachers there especially Mrs. Marfa Smith. While "seeing America" on a shoestring way back in 1932, we dropped into Little Rock August 24 on our hundredth ride via hitchhiking and spent two days with Marfa and her hubby Jim. Marfa, it will be remembered, was once an Ozark journalist of note, contributing to the Eastern press. Now she confines herself to teaching the young idea to shoot.

And it was indeed a pleasure to meet Roy G. Parks, the superintendent, again. He was a Normal Fellow at Gallaudet College when we were a freshman in 1929-30.

We talked about the Gallaudet College eleven of 1929 which wound up a very successful season. A normal student, Roy Parks was a star tackle on this team. To summarize, Gallaudet won four out of seven games, and two of the games were lost by the narrowest of margins, and the teams which forecasters predicted would give Gallaudet good lacings. The 1929 team scored a total of 131 points against 60 for its opponents. Starting off against St. John's of Annapolis, Gallaudet lost by 2 to 0, the smallest score by which a football game can possibly be lost. Gallaudet's best game was against the University of Maryland, the same team, almost to a man, that tied Yale and swamped VPI, two of the strongest teams in the East. Although beaten by 13 to 6, Gallaudet carried off the lion's share of glory and Maryland's coach publicly said that Gallaudet was a fine team, that they had secured one of their touchdowns by a lucky break, and that their margin of victory might well have been only one point. Gallaudet then had a field day when it swamped Shenandoah, 80 to 0, in considerably shortened periods. It completely outplayed the heavier University of Baltimore team although its score was a single TD. Temple then drubbed Gallaudet, 31-0, but this was not such a big score when you consider that two years back from home since 1924. The score for 62-0. Gallaudet decisively outplayed Susquehanna to win its first game away in 1927 they took Gallaudet's measure, this game was 14-7. Gallaudet met some really tough opposition in Shepherd and downed them 25-7. Those were those days we talked about.

Also it was a pleasure to meet Doin Hicks, the new principal of the Little Rock school, for the first time. For years we corresponded with each other

★ USA BASKETBALL TEAM ★

Name	Home	Age	Ht.	Wt.
1. WILLIAM SCHYMAN,	Chicago, Illinois	30	6-5	220
2. WILLIAM SCHWALL,	Chicago, Illinois	23	6-4	195
3. JIM BUTLER,	Chicago, Illinois	19	6-3	177
4. LEON FRENCH,	Chicago, Illinois	19	6-5	195
5. EDDIE MILLER,	Chicago, Illinois	25	5-8	155
6. DOUGLAS SMITH,	Washington, D. C.	22	6-6	190
7. CHARLES BUEMI,	Washington, D. C.	23	6-1	190
8. MIKE DORRELL,	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	22	6-2	175
9. JACK ANTAL,	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	18	6-2	155
10. FRANCIS TADAK,	Buffalo, New York	23	6-1	175
11. FRANCIS BREST,	Buffalo, New York	25	5-8	155
12. BILL WIRES,	Akron, Ohio	23	6-3	210
13. JOHN MILLER,	Washington, D. C.	26	6-1	175
14. KEVIN MILLIGAN,	Burbank, California	24	5-11	180
15. BOB THOMSON,	Detroit, Michigan	25	5-11	170
16. BARRY SIEKIERKA,	Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania	20	6-1	190
17. GARDY RODGERS,	Burbank, California	26	5-10	180
18. EMIL HARTMAN,	Akron, Ohio	20	6-0	195
19. DENNIS WERNIMONT,	Council Bluffs, Iowa	22	6-2	175
20. MAURICE MOSLEY,	Burbank, California	24	5-9	160

Coach: LOU DYER, Burbank, California

Alternate Coach: JOHN KUBIS, Washington, D. C.

Note: Mosley and Wernimont are track participants.

Alternate players: Joe Rose of Washington, Franklin Wernimont of Council Bluffs, Houston Nutt of Little Rock, Clyde Nutt of Little Rock, Fay Nutt of Little Rock, and Edward Ketchum of Little Rock.

while he was athletic director of the Missouri School.

Having feasted our eyes on the beauties and wonders of the school, we went sightseeing over the city, especially the nationally famous Central High School, with Lonnie Tubb, now instructor in shoemaking at the school, as our guide.

We spent much of our time on Wednesday attending the meeting of the U. S. International Games for the Deaf Committee to finalize plans for the trip to Finland this summer. Frank Medina, our USA "Deaf Olympic" trainer from University of Texas, was there. We found him to be a very brilliant man, and he has got everything ready and needed for our USA team competing in the IX International Games for the Deaf at Helsinki, Finland, August 6-10, 1961.

Froggie Lovvorn, a University of Southern California graduate and now track and field coach of University of Texas, and Ray Butler, athletic director of Texas School for the Deaf, were there too. It is a pleasure to report that many "Deaf Olympic" participants have "gone over the top," thereby assuring those athletes of being able to finance their participation in the Games. Equipment is being ordered. Travel plans are virtually completed. Athletes are beginning the long practice routines which are expected to enable them to reach the peak of their performance potential at the exact time of the Games. Many tourists who plan to accompany the USA team overseas have already made their deposits, making sure they will be aboard when those big jet planes take off from New York City. You can almost FEEL excitement crackling in the air!

S. Robey Burns, the general chairman of the Committee, gave an excellent report which reads as follows:

"I am pleased that our plans, over which we have labored long and hard

for the past four years, are progressing splendidly, and we have every reason to hope and believe that we will be able to conduct a group of about 100 exceptionally fine young American deaf athletes to Helsinki, Finland, in August, 1961, to represent our glorious United States of America in the competitions of the IX International Games for the Deaf. What a spine-tingling prospect to march into the vast Olympic Stadium—preceded by the red, white and blue colors of our beloved OLD GLORY—and followed by row on row of superbly conditioned, splendidly coached, and technically skilled men and women athletes from the greatest country on earth; I cannot begin to put into words what all this means to me personally, but I can tell you that the honor and privilege of leading this first truly representative and ALL-AMERICAN team to vie with the best deaf athletes of Europe and the rest of the world on the fields of sport will be the crowning achievement of my life. When a person achieves the fondest of his dreams—what more can be asked?

"In 1935 the U. S. heard for the first time of the rumor that the deaf in Europe had their own International Games, similar to the Olympics. Dr. Percival Hall, then president of Gallaudet College, received an invitation from IV International Games of the Deaf. Because of Dr. Hall's opinion that America was much farther advanced than the Europeans in the matter of education and cultural achievements, he did not go farther into the matter, but did pass on the information to James Meagher, famed Chicago sports writer and enthusiast. Knowing of my continuing interest in matters related to track and field, Mr. Meagher passed on the letter to me. I was surprised to

learn that the deaf of Europe had been holding such competitions since 1924. I decided to attempt to enter athletes from the U. S., but my efforts to obtain funds and athletes met only with frustrating turndowns, and general disparagement of the whole idea. At that time, there was no national sports organization of the deaf in America, so I started a legendary U. S. Athletic Association for the Deaf in order to be enrolled on the roster of the CISS. At the AAAD in 1948, with Art Kruger as secretary-treasurer, I advocated affiliation of the AAAD with the CISS. Art pushed this motion most successfully, predicting that it would be a big thing in years to come, and grow more interesting. How right he was! Most of you know the story of previous entries in the Games by individuals or small groups of athletes. Now, we shall be able, thanks to AAAD sponsorship and the contributions of many thousands of persons from all over the country, to send a full and truly representative team to compete in six different sports.

"I wish to emphasize: I am glad that I adopted a policy, as chairman of the I. G. Committee, to give assignments to each one of the committee members and let him have free rein in handling all details of his assignment. As a whole, the results so far have been good. I would caution anyone who feels critical of the work performed by committee members to remember that these men are not paid — all work is on a voluntary and part-time basis, just as with the International Olympic Committee, and all these men have other important duties and responsibilities. I feel they have done as well or better than anyone else who might have been chosen. I am deeply appreciative of the wonderful work performed by Art Kruger, both as team director, and in directing the drive for necessary funds to finance the trip for our athletes. He is deserving of the highest praise, by myself, and by all who are interested in the AAAD."

Having campaigned for the office of the presidency of the AAAD, Alexander Fleischman of Silver Spring, Maryland, was finally elected as the new president. He has served in all other offices and committees, and his attaining the presidency fulfills his dream to serve the AAAD to his fullest.

Edward C. Carney of St. Louis is the new vice president, while James A. Barrack of Towson, Maryland, remains secretary-treasurer.

Carmen Tiberio of Frederick, Maryland, was named to a new post, the title of this office to be decided later by the Law Committee. In this new office he will serve as chairman of the Hall of Fame Committee, Editor of The AAAD Bulletin, and publicity director.

"Let's Meet in Philly" is the theme of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf in publicizing for the 1964 AAAD show to be held in Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly Love," and our birthplace. Ben Tellum proved to be an excellent salesman and did tell 'em that they should meet in Philly in 1964 and got

17th AAAD TOURNAMENT BOX SCORES

First Round Games

Pittsburgh				Dallas			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Antal	8	5	21	Hargraves	0	1	1
Heckman	3	0	6	Ford	0	1	1
Sheldrone	3	2	8	Stovall	0	0	0
Dorrell	7	9	23	Hallmark	2	0	4
Keller	4	2	10	Burdette	3	2	8
Kentzer	2	4	8	Wood	1	0	2
DeLong	2	1	5	Helm	4	9	17
Fisher	1	0	2	Dean	8	2	18
				Laster	4	0	8
				Passmore	0	2	2
Totals	30	23	83	Totals	22	7	61

Halftime: Pittsburgh, 83-61

Chicago				Burbank			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Schyman	6	1	13	Beaubien	0	0	0
Schwall	9	4	22	Rodgers	6	1	13
Kane	0	0	0	Spears	4	0	8
Butler	6	2	14	Aldrich	0	0	0
Miller	2	0	4	Goodman	0	0	0
French	8	1	17	Tyhurst	4	1	9
Trapani	0	0	0	Milligan	2	5	9
Martinez	0	1	1	Mosley	7	5	19
Totals	31	9	71	Totals	23	17	61

Halftime: Chicago, 34-30

Wash'ton				C. Bluffs			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Miller	7	12	26	Wood	9	2	20
Smith	6	2	14	Kern	0	0	0
Pelarski	3	2	8	D. Werni-			
Rose	3	1	7	mont	9	3	21
Leitch	0	0	0	Barron	4	5	13
Buemi	7	3	17	Rinehart	0	1	1
Yates	3	0	6	F. Werni-			
				mont	0	1	1
				Patzner	4	3	11
				Derby	1	3	5
Totals	29	20	78	Totals	27	18	72

Halftime: Washington, 33-26

Little Rock				Oakland			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
C. Nutt	14	4	32	Singleton	2	0	4
F. Nutt	8	1	17	McCallon	1	0	2
Jackson	2	9	13	Velez	4	0	8
H. Nutt	12	4	28	Tingley	1	1	3
Poe	0	3	3	Foster	6	4	16
Nicolai	1	1	3	Galloway	1	0	2
				Saunders	3	3	9
				Duncan	4	3	11
				McCune	3	2	8
Totals	37	22	96	Totals	25	13	63

Halftime: Little Rock, 48-30

Consolation Semi-Final Games

Burbank				Dallas			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Tyhurst	9	2	20	Passmore	5	6	16
Spears	6	4	16	Dean	10	6	26
Mosley	10	7	27	Helm	2	0	4
Goodman	0	3	3	Wood	5	2	12
Aldrich	1	0	2	Burdette	0	0	0
Rodgers	2	1	5	Hallmark	0	0	0
Beaubien	0	0	0	Shelton	1	0	2
Milligan	14	7	35	Stovall	2	0	4
				Ford	0	0	0
Totals	42	24	108	Totals	25	14	64

Halftime: Burbank, 55-31

C. Bluffs				Oakland			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Wood	7	2	16	Duncan	7	2	16
Kern	0	1	1	Saunders	2	1	5
D. Werni-				Singleton	5	1	11
mont	8	6	22	McCallon	0	0	0
Barron	1	0	2	Velez	5	3	13
Rinehart	6	0	12	Tingley	1	0	2
F. Werni-				Foster	3	2	8
Mont	1	7	9	Galloway	0	0	0
Patzner	4	2	10	McCune	0	0	0
Derby	0	1	1				
Totals	27	19	73	Totals	23	9	55

Halftime: Tie, 36-36

Championship Semi-Final Games

Chicago				Pittsburgh			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Schwall	7	9	23	Heckman	0	0	0
Schyman	4	2	10	Sheldrone	2	2	6
Kane	0	1	1	Dorrell	4	6	14
Butler	7	4	18	Knetzer	2	1	5
Miller	1	1	3	Antal	7	7	21
French	12	3	27	DeLong	1	0	2
Trapani	0	1	1	Fisher	0	0	0
Martinez	1	0	2	Jezerski	5	3	13
				Draucker	1	0	2
Totals	32	21	85	Totals	22	19	63

Halftime: Chicago, 50-31

Wash'ton				Little Rock			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Miller	7	4	18	H. Nutt	8	1	17
Rose	3	1	7	F. Nutt	9	4	22
Pelarski	3	3	9	C. Nutt	3	3	9
Buemi	6	4	16	Jackson	3	1	7
Smith	2	2	6	Nicolai	1	0	2
Yates	2	0	4	Poe	1	1	3
Leitch	1	1	3	Letcher	0	0	0
Totals	24	15	63	Totals	25	10	60

Halftime: Little Rock, 31-29

Fifth Place Game

C. Bluffs				Burbank			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
D. Werni-				Tyhurst	9	0	18
mont	11	2	24	Spears	3	3	9
Barron	2	0	4	Mosley	7	6	20
Wood	10	6	26	Rodgers	3	0	6
Patzner	6	1	13	Milligan	7	3	17
F. Werni-				Goodman	0	1	1
mont	8	7	23	Aldrich	1	0	2
Derby	1	1	3	Beaubien	0	0	0
Rinehart	0	0	0				
Kern	1	2	4				
Van Soelen	2	0	4				
Totals	41	19	101	Totals	30	13	73

Halftime: Council Bluffs, 56-36

Third Place Game

Pittsburgh				Little Rock			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Heckman	1	0	2	C. Nutt	7	8	22
Knetzer	3	4	10	F. Nutt	6	6	18
Dorrell	11	3	25	H. Nutt	6	3	15
Keller	1	3	5	Jackson	4	2	10
Antal	13	3	29	Poe	0	1	1
DeLong	0	1	1	Nicolai	1	3	5
Draucker	2	0	4	Letcher	0	0	0
Fisher	0	0	0	Gray	0	0	0
Totals	31	14	76	Totals	24	23	71

Halftime: Little Rock, 38-35

Championship Game

Chicago				Wash'ton			
G	FT	TP		G	FT	TP	
Schwall	3	15	21	Miller	2	1	5
Schyman	8	6	22	Pelarski	3	2	8
French	9	5	23	Smith	3	6	12
Butler	5	1	11	Buemi	8	7	23
Miller	0	3	3	Rose	4	8	16
Trapani	0	0	0	Leitch	2	0	4
Martinez	2	0	4	Yates	1	0	2
				Nomeland	0	0	0
				Stewart	0	2	2
Totals	27	30	84	Totals	23	26	72

Halftime: Chicago, 35-32

the bid. Ben was much impressed when he and other fans were escorted from the airport to the hotel by police motorcade, but he said we who plan to attend the Philly meet will be doubly impressed as his committee plans to escort us from the airport to the hotel by HELICOPTER.

Luther Shibley prepared an excellent program which started Wednesday for the eight participating teams, officials and spectators. There were sightseeing tours including the side trip to Hot Springs National Park, the pride and joy of the local committee, and an abundance of dinners and luncheons and entertainment to keep them busy when they were not at the gymnasium.

Of utmost importance was the fact that all of the tournament doings were centered in the downtown district, except for the tour to Hot Springs on Thursday morning. We did not need to hail taxis or buses or even to take out our cars as it is only a two-block walk from Marion Hotel to Robinson Memorial Gymnasium. It rained all day on Thursday and Friday, but it did not matter because of this convenience. And because of this never before had we rested so well during tournament days, reminiscent of the Kansas City meet in 1954.

The local committee were very fortunate to have Roy G. Parks, Doin Hicks, Lonnie Tubb, Jr., and Norman Tubb to do the interpreting chores for us. The last two boys are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Tubb. They all can sign very well and pleased us very much.

As usual the Hall of Fame testimonial dinner on Friday afternoon in the Ballroom of Marion Hotel was a delightful affair. The guest speaker was Winthrop Rockefeller, brother of Nelson Rockefeller, governor of New York. He replaced Hon. Orval E. Faubus, governor of Arkansas, who was unable to be present. Winthrop Rockefeller, who owns the million-dollar Winrock Farm on Petit Jean Mountain near Morrilton, Arkansas, was witty and felicitous in his speech which was greatly enjoyed. He then presented us as well a few other outstanding leaders of the AAAD, present and past, with commissions from the governor, beribboned gold seal and all, making us Arkansas Travelers. This pleasing memento will be framed and hung on our den wall. If any more commissions come in, we'll have to enlarge the den.

Thomas W. Elliott as chairman of the AAAD Hall of Fame Committee re-

ported that four oldtimers have been admitted to the Hall. William Sutka, who wrestled professionally under the name of Silent Olsen; Thomas Martin and William O. Dilworth, professional pugilists; and Louis Seinensohn, who made a name for himself on the football field.

These four, now deceased, had been nominated at various times in the past but had never been able to muster sufficient votes for election. This year, due to a dearth of player nominations, the committee decided to admit the oldsters in a body.

We all enjoyed the various dance exhibitions at the ballroom of Marion Hotel during the Tournament Ball on Saturday evening, which were performed by four co-eds who are members of the nationally famous Gallaudet College Dance Group under the direction of Dr. Peter Wisher. Everybody was surprised to see that they could do as hearing people do. This group has performed before deaf and hearing audiences over the eastern United States and also on television.

And there were the usual feats of magic, always popular with the deaf.

It was pleasing to note so many fine people attending the AAAD tournament for the first time. Naturally they were impressed to observe that the AAAD is a well-conducted association.

We were very happy to have at long last met our boss, Jess M. Smith, editor of THE SILENT WORKER. He seemed to enjoy the tournament very much and also was surprised to see so many fine basketball players in action, especially that jumpshooting Negro star of the Burbank team—MAURICE MOSLEY. And he was naturally happy because the AAAD voted to donate two hundred dollars to THE SILENT WORKER.

Malcolm Norwood, who was recently appointed Program Specialist in the Captioned Films Division of the United States Office of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Washington, D. C., was there, and he, too, enjoyed the tournament very much. Prior to his new duties he was supervising teacher of the intermediate and advanced department as well as basketball coach at West Virginia School for the Deaf. No wonder he was excited because his two former players, Douglas Smith and Charles Buemi, made the USA basketball team.

Norwood gave a talk about the captioned films during the AAAD meeting, and on Saturday morning he showed a captioned film of the 1960 World Series. We really enjoyed this very much, and we were informed how and where the films may be obtained. The information came in a circular from the U. S. Office of Education having charge of the film project. It gave detailed instructions for the care and handling of the films which we hope shall be precisely followed. Now that the Captioned Films Program is in operation, the problem of finding suitable entertainment for those after-meeting socials is eased. The films are loaned free to eligible organizations of the deaf for showing at their gatherings, and we urge all member clubs of the AAAD to make frequent use of this service.

And G. Dewey Coats, vocational principal of the Missouri School for the Deaf and the "Let George Do It" of the NAD, was there to see what the AAAD gathering was like, and he was having the grandest time.

Lastly it was always good to see Brooks Monaghan, Southern Grand Vice President of the NFSD from Memphis, Tennessee, every year at the AAAD classic.

Thanks, La Petite Roche, for the delightful tournament and the fond memories awakened. And you, Luther Sibley did prove that nothing is impossible, and you, the Nutt brothers, deserve to get our thanks for giving the fans exciting games the last 12 years.

We left Little Rock on Sunday afternoon, April 2, and arrived home Tuesday morning, April 4, to find THIRTY-SEVEN letters and THREE telegrams waiting for us. And ever since we returned home more and more letters have come in. It appears that our "Deaf Olympic" team will be well provided for and that we will be successful in taking the 100 athletes as we wish.

Now remember it's DENVER, COLORADO, April 5-7, 1962, for the 18th annual AAAD National Basketball Tournament. In this Mile High City you can see the colorful Rocky Mountains, Pikes Peak, Loveland Pass, Estes Park, Air Force Academy, Buffalo Bill's Grave, Famous Central City, Red Rocks, and the Cool Colorful Colorado that will make your Denver visit unforgettable. We'll be there!

Funds Being Solicited For Argentina Association

Last summer Casper B. Jacobson, 569 Walhalla Road, Columbus 2, Ohio, toured South America and subsequently related his experiences among the deaf of Argentina and other countries. Recently the Confederacion Argentina de Sordos asked Mr. Jacobson to seek financial help in the United States to defray expenses incurred by the previous administration.

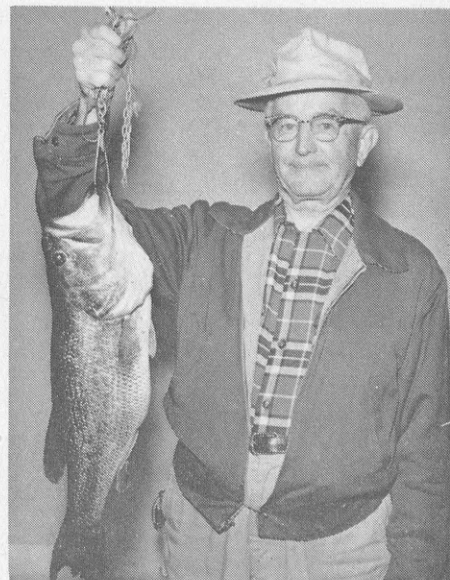
At Mr. Jacobson's request, the following letter is being printed:

"The executive committee of this Confederation, in regard of the work of Mr. Casper B. Jacobson, in approach and understanding between the deaf community of the United States of America and of Argentine Republic.

"Determined unanimously, the appointment of Mr. Casper B. Jacobson as our representative person in the United States of America in order to continue and strengthen the task undertaken.

"Mr. Jacobson may to convey to every deaf of the United States a salutation message, and every executive board of deaf associations, clubs, and organizations in the United States engaged in the same spirit of approach between the deaf communities of our countries may heard about ourselves, may to contribute to the work of Mr. Jacobson who is also one of our friends.

"Our problems, like your own, of deafness handicap and the same



A BIG ONE that didn't get away—William F. Grace, teacher at the Alabama School for the Deaf, holds a 24-inch, 7¼-lb. big-mouth bass he caught in one of Talladega's many streams. Mr. Grace is an ardent fisherman, and rare indeed are the times when he is not able to back up his fish stories with conclusive proof as the above. When he is not following his favorite pastime, luring the finny tribe, Mr. Grace can usually be found at home either taking care on one of his three grandchildren or enjoying his stamp collection.

spirit in overcoming them, indeed, are the strong fundament which drive our endeavors to work together in a common policy, in this task the deaf of U.S.A. are far ahead in accomplishment in educative field, vocational adjustment and well living.

"Mister Jacobson who is a teacher of your language, in addressing you this message of brethrenhood he can to do the right approach better than ourselves.

"We shall be very grateful to the deaf of U.S.A., if they may be able to follow to Mr. Jacobson in his task."

Truly yours,

Issued in Buenos Aires, April 17th of 1961

- s/ Teodoro Manzanedo,
Vice President
- s/ Esteban Ferrer
General Secretary
- s/ Alberto Gonzalez
Treasurer

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This is a composite of scenes from the program staged at the Talladega Club of the Deaf for the benefit of the NAD on April 15. Top row, left to right: Alvin Mayes and Elaine Busby in "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie"; Jim Gay, Jackie Chapman, Joe Wolfe, and Burrell Norris in "Lumumba's Brothers Four"; Julean Sandlin, Blanche Bolton, Jewel Moore, and Lavada Singley in "Great-Grandmother's Day" (a tea party); Charlotte Hampton and Jerry Baldwin in "The Sheik of Araby." Middle row: Dewayne Evans and Carol Weaver in "Rock and Roll"; Gladys Horn and Jeanette Jones in "The Minuet"; Eunice Dukes and Matt Horn in "Yankee Doodle"; Ronald Morrow and Lavada Singley in "Daisies Won't Tell." Bottom row: Kitty Gilchrist, Billy Taylor, and Mary Cauthen in "Monster at Large"; Ivyloy Pike, Charlotte McGinn, and Joan, Olen, Gary, and Agnes Tate in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine"; Edna Baynes and Gloria Chappell as "Clown Announcers"; Mona Trimble in "The Charleston."

Talladega Club Presents Benefit Program for NAD

The writer is convinced that no club of the deaf anywhere ever put forth greater effort and cooperation toward a project than the one recently launched by the Talladega Club of the Deaf on April 15, 1961, for the benefit of the NAD.

The entire club, namely, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Colburn, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Horn, Mr. Burnell Dukes, Miss Annie Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sinclair, Mr. Billy Stines, Mr. and Mrs. Olen Tate, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baynes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chappell, Mr. Billy Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wright Gilchrist, Miss Blanche Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Buel Arnold, Mr. Clayton Ramey, Mrs. Ruth Isaacson, Mrs. Eunice Dukes, Mr. and

Mrs. Willie Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. William Grace, Mrs. John Chaney, Mr. Alvin Mayes, Mr. Thomas Gulsby, and Buford Gilliam, each wholeheartedly put forth his best efforts for the success of the program, which played to a packed house consisting of both hearing and deaf people. The complete program follows:

PROGRAM

Announcers (clowns), Gloria Chappell, Edna Baynes. Interpreter, Louise Hammett; Music co-ordinator, Connie Barnes.

I—"An Old Sweetheart of Mine," Olen, Agnes, Joan, and Gary Tate, Ivyloy Pike and Charlotte McGinn.

II—"Yankee Doodle," Matt Horn and Eunice Dukes; Mrs. Ruth Clements at the piano.

III—"Through the Years in Song,

Dance, and Poetry; (A) "Great Grandmother's Day"—A Tea Party: Jewel Moore, Julean Sandlin, and Lavada Singley. Guest of Honor, Blanche Bolton. Song: "Daisies Won't Tell"—Ronald Morrow and Lavada Singley, sung by Linda Younge. Pam Rutledge at the piano. (B) "Grandmother's Day"—Poem: "The Minuet," Gladys Horn and Jeanette Jones. Song: "Wait Till the Sun Shines Nellie," Alvin Mayes and Elaine Busby, sung by Linda Younge. Pam Rutledge at the Piano.

(C) "Mother's Day"—Song: "The Sheik of Araby," Jerry Baldwin and Charlotte Hampton. Dance: The Charleston, Mona Trimble.

(D) "Daughter's Day"—Song "Love Letters," Francis Shanfelt and Sandra Yelverton. Dance: Jitterbug, Mona Trimble and James Bice.

(E) "Granddaughter's Day"—Song: "There's a Moon Out Tonight," Buford Gilliam and Linda Watts. Dance: Rock and Roll, DeWayne Evans and Carol Weaver.

IV—Skit: "Monster at Large"—Mary Cauthen, Kitty Gilchrist, Billy Taylor.

INTERMISSION

V—Pantomime: "Hats on Parade" — Jean Stephens and Sharon Russell.

VI—"Lumumba's Brothers Four," Jim Gay, Joe Wolfe, and Burrell Norris; Jackie Chapman.

VII—Elvis Presley (His Alter Ego)—Jimmy Tidwell.

VIII—"Cha-Bop"—Jane Ruth Clark.

IX—Song: "May You Always," interpreted in signs by Ann Wright (hearing person); sung by Kelly Erwin. Mrs.

Ruth Clements at the piano.

X—Grand Finale—Entire cast.

Pictures in this issue will give readers an idea of the program.

The poem, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" had real life pictures to depict the events of the poem.

Lumumba's Brothers Four executed a barbaric dance around a bone-filled kettle, startling the audience by jumping over the footlights and back to the stage again without losing rhythm.

Mrs. Ann Wright, niece of D'Arcy Wilson of Mobile, had never used the signs before. She signed a song gracefully to the accompaniment of the spoken version by a deaf student, Kelly Erwin. The audience had nothing but praise for the entire cast.—EHB

nite plan of cooperation with the AHS. Richard M. Phillips, dean of students at Gallaudet College, has been added to the NAD Committee. He has served faithfully and capably on other NAD assignments in the past, and we are fortunate in having him in another active role.

Mail piled up at the office while we were in Virginia. Mrs. Mildred Watson of Los Angeles has presented the office with copies of the proceedings of the first NAD convention, 1880, and the sixth convention. We have a complete set of convention proceedings, probably the only one in existence, but older copies are very scarce, and we shall be glad to receive extras from anyone who may have them. Mrs. Watson is the daughter of the late Violet Angle MacDonald. Her husband was Loyall F. Watson, who, until the time of his recent death was very active in helping the California Home for Aged Deaf. The Home Building Fund was presented with \$4,146.27 from his estate.

As usual during the spring months we have received letters from a number of persons inquiring as to how they may become teachers of the deaf. We send them such information as we have, and we advise them to communicate with Gallaudet College. We hope that from among these young people some good teachers and new friends of the deaf may be found. Some are sincere, of course, while others may be just looking for a job.

The director of a home for mentally retarded called the office and asked for a deaf person for custodian. She said she once had a deaf custodian and he was the best worker she had had in her twenty-one years at the home. She was referred to the local club.

Financial Statement for April, 1961

The Home Office took in more than it spent during the month of April. Perhaps this is because the president was not here to spend money. The receipts and expenses for April were as follows:

Receipts

Advancing membership dues	\$ 639.21
Contributions	195.43
State Association quotas	228.00
Sale of publications	1.00
Services rendered	4.30

Total Receipts \$1,067.94

Expenditures

Salaries	\$ 600.00
Social Security tax paid to Internal Revenue	18.00
Rent	126.50
Janitorial services	15.00

Total Expenditures \$ 759.50

Some money was used from the postage fund, but, as explained last month, this will be reported when an accounting of the fund is made for the treasurer. Payments for income tax withheld are not included among the expenditures. When the salaries amount to \$600.00, \$109.20 is deducted and paid to the Internal Revenue Service for Income and Social Security taxes withheld. The \$18.00 in the above report represents the share the NAD must pay on SS taxes.

National Association of the Deaf

Home Office Notes

By Dr. Byron B. Burnes

This writer spent the week of April 23-30 on a trip to Fort Monroe, Virginia, to attend the Workshop on Community Development through Organizations of and for the Deaf, sponsored by Gallaudet College and financed by a grant from the U. S. Office of Vocational Rehabilitation.

We shall leave it to someone authorized to report the proceedings to give an accurate and complete account of the deliberations, and about all we shall say here is that it was a good meeting and we need more of them. About 50 leading deaf persons attended, and there were a number of others who were not deaf. If we raise any complaint about anything at Fort Monroe, it would be that we were unable to get a clear picture of the meeting as a whole. We were divided into four sections, and the only discussions we witnessed were those which took place in our own section. Reports were presented from the different sections, and resolutions were adopted, based on the reports, but we missed out on what must have been many very interesting discussions in the different sections.

Anyone who could read a paper presented at the workshop by Douglas Burke of Washington, D. C., would derive a general idea of the topics discussed. Mr. Burke summarized the needs of the deaf as compiled from data submitted from different localities. Some of these needs were as follows: family life education, active participation in affairs of the deaf by teachers of the deaf, better job training, vocational guidance and training and placement services, deaf-hearing group relations, services for the mentally retarded, inter-deaf group relations, better qualified personnel to serve the deaf, adult education, research, public relations, and so on.

There was much discussion of the need of coordinated activity among all

organizations for and of the deaf, which would be helpful, indeed, as long as it did not become an agency for the deaf overshadowing agencies of the deaf. Thought was given, also, to the need for a more closely knit organization of the deaf, themselves, beginning with local groups and ending with the National Association.

It is to be hoped that complete proceedings of the workshop will be published soon and that activity will be started toward fulfilling some of the recognized needs of the deaf. It is the purpose of the NAD to work toward fulfillment of many of the needs discussed at Fort Monroe. The same topics have been discussed at NAD conventions and among other organizations of the deaf, so we would say that the first step toward fulfillment of the need would be for all the deaf to get together and make the NAD strong enough to lead the way.

State quotas have been coming into the office in increasing numbers late in April and early in May. Those received have been from: Indiana (\$97.50), North Carolina (\$174.00) Maryland (\$228.00), Alabama (\$188.00), Virginia (\$270.00). Mathematicians among our readers are reminded that some of these quotas were received in April and some in May, so the total of the above figures will not be the same as the total credited to the quotas in the financial statement published elsewhere in this column, which is for the month of April.

Ted Griffing, chairman of our Liaison Committee, and Gerald Adler, a member of the committee, were at the Fort Monroe workshop and spent a day in Washington to confer with members of the committee representing the American Hearing Society. They paved the way for further conferences between the two committees, and we hope that before long we shall have a defi-

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